

INDIANA JONES AND THE BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

By Tim Bungeroth

Story by Keith Voss

Based on Characters and Situations
Created by George Lucas

FINAL DRAFT
keithdvoss@gmail.com
timbungeroth@gmail.com
347.414.2565

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

A massive storm rages throughout the sky as two lightning bolts strike within moments of each other. They outline the iconic mountain top of the Paramount Logo and cue Perry Como's *Till the End of Time*.

The swirling clouds are caked in a strange film of electricity and stretch into the horizon as we pan down onto the vast Atlantic Ocean.

Suddenly, a squadron of unmarked Messerschmitts streaks across the frame and breaks into several directions as five USAF Grumman TBF Avengers give hot pursuit.

The MAIN CREDITS roll over the action and a massive naval Destroyer emerges from the bottom of frame.

2 EXT. DESTROYER - CHOPPER PAD

On the rear chopper pad of the Destroyer sits a Focke-Achgelis Fa 223 Drache helicopter. Its blades whir to life, lifting it into the air.

3 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

A bare hand, adorned with a ring engraved with a pentagram, holds a lit cigarette and returns it to a mustachioed mouth. It drags on it, long and hard.

4 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

In the distance, the heart of the thunder storm opens up, revealing a deep cylindrical wind tunnel charged with volts of the brightest blue.

5 EXT. DRACHE - ROPE

As Como comes to a crescendo, the Drache lifts out of the frame, revealing a rope attached to its underbelly. And clinging to that rope is a figure that must be, can only be, and is none other than INDIANA JONES.

The TITLES END and a legend appears on screen:

ATLANTIC OCEAN - 1945

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger V emerges from the fog to find itself on a crash course with the incoming Drache. The plane snap rolls to its left, narrowly avoiding a collision.

7 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

2nd Lt. FORREST J. GERBER reels from the close call and yanks his flight yoke.

FORREST

Hey *watch* it pal! I'm flying over here.

8 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Pfc. WILLIAM E. LIGHTFOOT bears down on an already tricky target, further complicated by the rough winds and heavy rain. An incoming Messerschmitt is almost in his sights.

BILL

You watch it, mac. I'm *shooting* over here! Not hitting anything but-

9 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest squints at the Drache before his eyes grow wide in disbelief.

FORREST

Wait a second...

10 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger V banks, aligning itself behind the Drache.

FORREST (O.S.)

Hey Bill!

BILL (O.S.)

Yuh-huh.

FORREST (O.S.)

You're not gonna believe this!

BILL (O.S.)

Say what?

11 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest wipes the fog away from his windshield.

FORREST
I said, "you're not gonna believe
this!"

BILL (O.S.)
I'm not?

FORREST
Heck no you're not!

BILL (O.S.)
Oh yeah? Why's that?

12 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache bobs and weaves through the fog as Indy slowly but surely claws his way up the rope.

FORREST (O.S.)
You're gonna say, "No way! That's
too far fetched!"

13 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill locks in on a Messerschmidt and unleashes a sustained burst of perfectly aimed machine gun fire.

BILL
C'mon! I've seen a few things in my
day.

14 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Messerschmitt is tagged and descends into a free fall of fire as the engines completely give out.

15 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill tips his index finger from his temple to the stars.

BILL
Enough to keep me pretty open
minded!

16 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Another Messerschmitt surges through the fog, in perfect position to decimate Avenger V.

FORREST (O.S.)
Hey wait-

BILL (O.S.)
Wait *what?*

17 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill swivels his head as bullets whiz by the canopy.

FORREST (O.S.)
Look out! He's got our-

18 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger I, hidden by fog and its own ocean blue hull, surges upward towards the stars, and fires off two short rounds. The unfortunate Messerschmitt, its fuselage critically hit, explodes into oblivion, which Avenger I sails through seamlessly.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Six?

19 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

Capt. GEORGE W. STIVERS stares coolly into the harsh conditions and soars effortlessly through the sky. He smiles underneath a pair of aviators.

GEORGE
Tough tacks for him. Your tails are *mine* to pin.

FORREST (O.S.)
Thank God!

BILL (O.S.)
And *you*, Captain!

GEORGE
The pleasure's *mine*. I need you in the skies, boys. Not fish fried.

20 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Relieved, Forrest adjusts the speed of his plane as he tries to keep a clean line of sight on Indy and the chopper.

GEORGE (O.S.)
And Gerber?

FORREST
Sir?

GEORGE (O.S.)
If you don't cut the chatter, the
next plane that I tag will be
yours. Got it?

FORREST
But I-

21 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill slumps in his chair, thankful to be alive for the moment. In the clarity of his respite, he turns his gaze to the Drache...and Indy.

GEORGE (O.S.)
No buts! And Lightfoot.

BILL
Capitan?

GEORGE (O.S.)
If your mind was as open as your
eyes then you're a goddamn fool
leadin'-

22 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest adjusts his controls, and puts his plane to speed in order to get a better angle on Indy.

FORREST
Hey guys!

GEORGE (O.S.)
What now, Lieutenant?

FORREST
Captain, check your five!

23 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

George banks on his yoke until the Drache is in his scopes.

GEORGE
The chopper?

BILL (O.S.)
Not the chopper-

FORREST (O.S.)
Colonel-

24 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache whizzes along as Indy holds on impossibly.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Jones!!!

25 EXT. DRACHE - ROPE

Attached to each side of the Drache's hull are huge loud speakers.

SMITTY (O.S.)
How wonderful to see you once
again! Don't think I didn't know
you were still there; dangling bare
by precarious *thread*.

Indy doggedly climbs up the rope, hand over hand.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Admittedly, I admire your efforts.
For other men of lesser fortitude
would certainly have given up by
now. But fie upon formality Indy!
The three of us must go on with our
show. Wherein I play the snake you
cannot shake-

26 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

DR. EMIL REINSCHMIDT, a man his late 40's, both dashing and debonair, pilots the Drache with supreme confidence. He's impeccably dressed in blood red pants, a gold buckled belt, and a black turtle neck underneath a crisp white lab coat. He wears a large set of headphones, atop freshly cropped locks, and smiles, below a bushy black mustache. He pilots the craft in one hand, while in the other he holds a Mauser that's inches away from a gorgeous woman on his right.

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

While I maintain, again, your
saving Grace.

GRACE LOVELL, a brunette knockout in her late-thirties,
stares coldly at Smitty and then at Indy through the side
view mirror.

GRACE

Let go Indy.

SMITTY

Oh Grace, you know he won't. Unless
of course-

Smitty quickly jerks the yoke.

27 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache swings into a violent spin and just as Indy
reaches for the landing bars he loses his grip and plummets
away.

SMITTY (O.S.)

We take the time to change things.

28 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Indy falls for a brief moment before snapping back into
motion with the Drache. The other end of the rope is tied
around his waist. After a moment, he re-starts his climb.

FORREST (O.S.)

What a whiplash!

BILL (O.S.)

How'd he keep his hat on?

29 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

George pulls his plane into a loop as he tries to shake an
incoming Messerschmitt.

GEORGE

No time for that! The Colonel needs
our help. I'd do the job myself but
we got bogeys.

BILL (O.S.)

And plenty over par at five'o
clock!

30 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

In the distance another squadron of Messerschmitts closes in.

GEORGE (O.S.)
I'll take the clubs and finish up
the back nine.

31 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger I loops behind the Messerschmitt and lights it up.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You two are gonna caddie Colonel
Jones.

Avenger I forms up with Avengers II, III and IV and turns to intercept the new Messerschmitts. Avenger V continues it's pursuit of the chopper.

32 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest keeps one eye on Indy and plays with the instruments on his dash.

FORREST
You hear that Bill? We're off to
lend a wing!

33 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill looks out into the worsening conditions.

BILL
We better get it back!

FORREST
C'mon! *Trust* me!

34 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache steadies its flight, giving Indy the briefest of windows to orient himself.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Are you still there? Ah ha! Space
has not changed!

35 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty peers into the rear mirror and then turns to Grace.

SMITTY

Who wouldn't have it any other way?

36 EXT. DRACHE - ROPE

Indy draws his Webley and takes aim at the Drache.

BILL (O.S.)

What's going on?

37 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest squints through the windshield.

FORREST

I think he pulled a pistol!

BILL (O.S.)

He's gonna need a pretty lucky-

38 EXT. DRACHE - ROPE

Indy fires his Webley and the bullet rips through the fuselage. A small explosion rocks the Drache.

39 INT. DRACHE- COCKPIT

Smitty fights to maintain control of the yoke as the bullet wreaks havoc on the Drache's interior.

SMITTY

Where are we hit?

Grace looks at the dash and sees the fuel meter is dropping.

GRACE

The fuselage.

SMITTY

Where else! Science proves more trouble than it's worth.

Smitty pushes the flight yoke forward.

40 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache dives, taking Indy with it.

GRACE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

SMITTY (O.S.)
Revising the script.

GRACE (O.S.)
But I thought-

41 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty gives Grace a wild smile.

SMITTY
Do not fret about his fate. Time is
now forever *ours* to change.

42 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache dives and Indy plummets towards the water.

SMITTY (O.S.)
A pity I must cut our trial short
but as you know...I'm keeping a
strict schedule.

43 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SURFACE

The Drache pulls up just in time, its landing bars skimming
the frothy surface. Indy, however, plunges into the water.

44 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger V dives in pursuit.

BILL (O.S.)
What happened to the Colonel?

45 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest breaks through a cloud of fog to see the Drache
skimming the surface.

FORREST
We're too late. He's underneath the
the surface.

(CONTINUED)

BILL (O.S.)

Then he's-

46 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty turns to Grace in triumph.

SMITTY

Fish bait! (Pause) We've time to stay a moment, don't you think? Let's see if we get anything to bite.

GRACE

This might!

Grace wallops Smitty on the nose.

SMITTY

What are you doing?!?

GRACE

Stopping you!

Grace leaps at Smitty, reaching for his gun.

47 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger V levels with the Drache, which swerves back and forth. Suddenly a gunshot sounds and the Drache's left window shatters.

BILL (O.S.)

What's going on, kid?

FORREST (O.S.)

I don't really know! Looks like a fight. The window just blew out!

48 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty gets the better of Grace and smacks her back into her seat. She turns around to reveal the Mauser.

GRACE

Pull up the chopper. Now.

SMITTY

Alright! Don't shoot. If he's still there I swear I'll take him with us.

Grace nods and Smitty pulls up on the yoke.

49 INT. AVENGER V - TURRET

Bill looks on, uncomfortable with being unable to shoot.

BILL
Any sign of the Colonel?

50 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SURFACE

Avenger V skims the surface and edges closer to the Drache.

FORREST (O.S.)
I can't tell! The fog is really
starting to get *thick*. I'm going in
to get a closer look!

51 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest peers at the rising Drache and the trailing rope
until:

FORREST
Uh-oh.

BILL (O.S.)
Uh-oh? What's "uh-oh" mean?

FORREST
The rope.

52 EXT. DRACHE - ROPE

The rope emerges from the water, empty.

FORREST (O.S.)
It's empty. There's no sign of
Colonel Jones.

53 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty looks out his side view mirror and sees nothing but
the rope dangling freely in the air. Grace looks out her
side but there is still no trace of our hero.

SMITTY
In time, you'll understand why I
revised this.

54 EXT. DRACHE - WHEEL

Indy clings to the Drache's front wheel and climbs below the broken window.

SMITTY (O.S.)

This scene wherein the famous
Colonel Jones was finally defeated
by his rival:

55 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty looks into the vortex and yells in triumph.

SMITTY

Dr. Emil Reinschmidt!

INDY

Hey there, *Smitty*!

Indy slugs Smitty in the face and hops into the cockpit.

INDY

Sorry I'm late.

GRACE

But how'd you-

INDY

Move this clown. I gotta figure out
how to *fly* this thing.

GRACE

What are you doing? There's no
going back!

INDY

There is for you and me, kid.

GRACE

Indy-

Indy kisses Grace as Smitty comes to.

SMITTY

You're tugging on my heart strings,
Indiana! For tragedy is wrought by-

INDY

Can it, will ya?

Indy grabs Smitty and slams his head on the dashboard,
knocking the mad doctor out.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
I've let you ramble on too long
already.

Indy switches on the radio.

INDY
Colonel Jones calling Flight 19,
copy? Repeating: Colonel Jones to
Flight 19! Do you read me?

GEORGE (O.S.)
We read you loud and clear! Thanks
for the Sunday call.

INDY
Afraid I'd miss it?

56 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger I cuts across a Messerschmitts tail and tags it with
a spray of fire, sending it into a tail spin.

GEORGE (O.S.)
My faith will never waver!

57 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

George turns up a knob on his dash increasing the volume of
his radio.

INDY (O.S.)
Likewise, Captain. Get on the comm
and radio the General. I've
retrieved Dr. Reinschmidt and his
"research."

GEORGE
It's on the fritz but I'll work
something out. You find any lost
artifacts?

Indy's voice fades under interference and static.

INDY (O.S.)
Just you, George!

58 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The fog intensifies as the planes gain altitude.

FORREST (O.S.)
What'd he say?

BILL (O.S.)
Can't tell he's breaking up!

GEORGE (O.S.)
Do you still have a visual?

FORREST (O.S.)
No way! The fog is way too thick.

BILL (O.S.)
Turn up the volume!

INDY (O.S.)
Mop up those Schmitts-

59 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest notices his compass is beginning to spin.

INDY (O.S.)
And bomb the rest to hell!

GEORGE (O.S.)
You heard him Flight 19! Go dump
your payloads!

FORREST
But Colonel!

INDY (O.S.)
Yeah?

FORREST
The chopper!

60 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache, now consumed by fog, continues to spray fuel out of the bullet hole left from Indy's Webley.

INDY (O.S.)
What about it?

BILL (O.S.)
Its running out of fuel!

(CONTINUED)

FORREST (O.S.)
You're out of time!

INDY (O.S.)
Of *time*? Well, it's a good thing I
remembered:

61 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Indy swings the Drache into the direction of the vortex where he can just barely make out the form of an aircraft carrier. He turns to Grace, smiles devilishly, and throws the Drache's throttle into full.

INDY
It ain't how much you have...but
how you use it.

62 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache screams into the vortex as Flight 19 dive bombs the Destroyer to smithereens. Shortly thereafter a mushroom cloud erupts and newspaper headlines declare Allied victory in the Second World War. The Raiders March plays out triumphantly and concludes with a flourish of military percussion.

FADE TO:

63 EXT. BARNETT COLLEGE - EVENING

The Lecture Hall stands tall and majestic in a flurry of snow and holiday decorations as the campus bustles with excitement. Various students are preparing for Homecoming weekend, which features an annual football game against rival Marshall College. Banners and signs are festooned across the streets where cars cruise along underneath.

STUDENT A (O.S.)
Professor?

STUDENT B (O.S.)
Hey! Professor!

STUDENT C (O.S.)
Dr. Jones?

64 INT. LECTURE HALL - CLASSROOM

Indy, now donned in tweedy garb and glasses, stands in front of a dusty but packed classroom. His students look on anxiously, as their professor fits the spitting image of absent mindedness. He stares blankly into the class, lost in mid-sentence; his mind far far away, in another place...or time.

STUDENT A
Professor?

STUDENT B
Can he hear us?

STUDENT C
Doctor-

MARCUS
Indy!

Curator of the National Museum, Indy's longtime employer, and very close friend, MARCUS BRODY, leans against the wall and holds a cane. Still suave and spry in a black three piece suit, he gives Indy a look of both concern and encouragement.

MARCUS
You were *saying*?

INDY
Why yes...

Indy looks awkwardly at his old friend, who cocks his head and motions at the students. They gaze on, entranced; the current circumstance far more engaging than the class has ever been. Indy's eyes go wide as he snaps out of a fog and remembers where he is.

INDY
Why yes of course!

With a rush of adrenaline Indy spins to the chalkboard and writes the word: PAST.

INDY
Archaeology is the scientific study of the past. And through the recovery and analysis of any given culture's artifacts, architecture, bio-facts or landscapes, we can achieve a greater understanding of not only our own human history, but also of the planet we inhabit...

(CONTINUED)

Indy notices a student in the front row who is reading a fantasy magazine behind his text book. He snatches it and holds up the cover, which reads: *Journey to the Future!*

INDY

So, save for the dream machines
you'd find within H.G. Wells, Mark
Twain or Timmy's pulps, this field
remains our only bridge to-

The bell sounds suddenly, and the students leap up to get on with the weekend's festivities.

INDY

You're off next but *please* review
Michaelson! Well, mainly four and
five but *all* of it.

One very pretty student walks by his desk and places down a report on "Nocturnal Activities of the Chachapoyas." It's labeled as extra credit. He picks it up and holds her stare as she heads out.

INDY

I don't pull any punches on my
finals.

MARCUS

Good recovery Indy.

INDY

Sorry, Marcus. I didn't bring back
anything this time. Except myself.

MARCUS

A prize beyond all else.

The two men shake hands and clasp each other's shoulders.

INDY

I had another flashback.

MARCUS

Yes, we saw. Lord knows what you
went through during the war. Too
much I am afraid.

65

INT. LECTURE HALL - HALLWAY

Indy grabs a few of his things, and the two men exit into the hallway. They walk past a glass cases, which is filled with artifacts that Indy retrieved from various adventures.

INDY
Or not enough.

MARCUS
Meaning?

INDY
Well I'm-

LAURA
Professor Jones?

From down the hall calls DR. LAURA KAY, Professor of Chemistry; an elegant and attractive red head, early thirties, angular spectacles, with her hair held back in a bun. She is flanked by three male teaching assistants who are in their early twenties.

INDY
Laura!

LAURA
I never thought I'd see *those* eyes again. And back where they belong: behind the glasses.

She leans in closer and tips down her spectacles.

LAURA
Don't keep 'em on too long.

Laura winks at Indy and heads down the hall as her assistants shuffle after.

MARCUS
You were saying?

INDY
I'm happy to be home.

MARCUS
Which reminds me: there's people here to see you.

INDY
People? What people?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS
O you'll know the type.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. TUDOR HOUSE - DAWN

A number of cars are parked outside Indy's Tudor home and the lights are on in every window. The hum of human laughter, song, and merriment underscores the loud volume of Perry Como's *Dig Ya Later*. It's very early in the morning, and the scene is not too far removed from Gatsby's fictitious west egg mansion.

67 INT. TUDOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The interior is decorated in lavish Art Deco, and appears to be the main benefiter of Indy's various bounties. Streamers, crumpled wads of wrapping paper, and empty bottles are strewn about the floor as friends and colleagues mingle, drinking with increasing abandon.

In the middle of it all, Indy and Marcus stand across from each other at the fireplace, toasting champagne.

INDY
You promised me.

MARCUS
Did I?

INDY
I said *no* parties.

MARCUS
I also told you that the National Museum would get to keep the lost Ark. And look how that turned out.

INDY
I will admit: I needed the champagne.

MARCUS
Did not we all? It's one hell of a vintage.

INDY
So are you.

MARCUS
I *have* seen a few years now haven't I?

(CONTINUED)

INDY
You and me both.

MARCUS
Thank God they've been well spent.

Indy's smile fades.

MARCUS
What is it?

INDY
O it's nothing.

MARCUS
No, it's not. Speak up.

INDY
I've just had a chance to do some thinking. That's all.

MARCUS
About?

INDY
The rest of my career.

MARCUS
Do tell.

INDY
Nah...let's forget it.

MARCUS
But how can I?

INDY
I've spent so much of my life living abroad. Killing, spying, flying, getting shot at...I'm always *searching*, Marcus. But for what?

MARCUS
Well, that's the point. Adventure makes you *tick*.

INDY
Don't get me wrong. It's been *extremely* thrilling.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

But?

INDY

The thrills were all just moments...

BOTH

Lost in time.

MARCUS

What would you have done differently?

INDY

Don't know. Both everything and nothing.

MARCUS

Every man eventually thinks on the road not taken. I'd even argue it's a rite of passage. But sooner or later we all remember-

The doorbell rings.

INDY

Who could that be?

MARCUS

Another tardy guest?

INDY

Or maybe the police.

Indy draws back the curtains.

68 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK

All cars in the frame are parked save for one black Ford. It's engine is running.

69 INT. TUDOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Indy turns from the window and looks at Marcus.

MARCUS

Well there, you see? Maybe we're not so old then after all.

Indy turns towards the hallway and slightly tweaks his knee. His eyes go wide and he laughs before wading into the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
Speak for yourself!

MARCUS
I didn't know I had to...

CUT TO:

70 INT. TUDOR HOUSE - FOYER

Indy opens the front door to reveal a bald military man who is short, stout and sober. Our hero smiles broadly at his commanding officer and close friend, General ROBERT ROSS.

INDY
Bob! What a surprise!

Indy embraces Bob in a bear hug.

BOB
Forgive me, Indy.

INDY
For what?

BOB
For this.

Bob pulls out single manila folder and hands it to Indy. It is stamped with the letters "OSS."

INDY
What's this?

BOB
Your *orders*, Colonel.

INDY
My orders? What do you mean? I've been discharged. We won the war, remember? (Pause) Didn't we?

71 INT. TUDOR HOUSE - BASEMENT

The party din resumes but sounds muffled within the belly of Indy's basement. It is large and vast, littered with both personal and exotic relics and serves as our hero's secret room or "cave." A black chalk board covers the North wall and a round table is placed in the center of the room. It stands underneath the spotlight of a singular hanging bulb. Indy and Bob stand at the table, ready for discussion while Marcus peruses the objects on the shelves.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I didn't know you had a second basement.

INDY

I dug it up behind your back.

MARCUS

Some of these things really do belong in our museum.

INDY

Of course they do. That's why they're in my will.

BOB

He shouldn't be down here.

Marcus picks up a massive ruby.

MARCUS

Neither should *this*. I thought you said you lost it in Calcutta?

INDY

I *did*. Listen, he'll just find out by default. What's going on, Bob? What's inside the folder?

BOB

Intelligence.

INDY

About?

BOB

Dr. Reinschmidt.

Indy laughs incredulously.

INDY

Smitty? I thought we lost him in the ocean!

BOB

He might still be alive.

INDY

Is this a joke?

BOB

What do you know of the Devil's Triangle?

(CONTINUED)

INDY

Just ghost stories. No more than local folklore. Gigantic squids and disappearing ships...but stuff like that spreads all over the ocean. What's any of it got to do with Smitty?

BOB

Three nights ago a package washed ashore outside our naval base in Andros Island. It was addressed specifically to you.

INDY

Me? Well, what was in it?

BOB

Take a look.

Indy picks up the folder and takes out a stack of photographs. The first depicts a man standing outside the palace of Versailles circa World War I.

INDY

But this can't be. It *can't*.

BOB

It's Doctor Reinschmidt. From 1919.

INDY

But-

BOB

Now turn it over.

Indy flips over the photo and reads.

INDY

"Greetings Colonel Jones! Enjoy the future. I'll meet you back in 1945, ever alive until the end of time. Eternally yours, Dr. Emil Reinschmidt."

BOB

We've tested it. The photo is authentic. There's others too and each from different decades.

MARCUS

Who is this "Emil Reinschmidt" anyway?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

A doctor.

INDY

But of *what's* up for debate.

BOB

Also a mathematician-

INDY

And a linguist. A skilled swordsman, an even better marksman...

BOB

Equestrian-

INDY

Allegedly an actor. Did I mention he's also an ace pilot?

MARCUS

Besides credentials, why is he so important?

INDY

Why else?

BOB

He threw his lot in with the Nazis.

INDY

Who funded his ridiculous "research." He used to call it their *insurance plan*.

MARCUS

For what?

BOB

For if the Fuhrer lost the war.

INDY

You ever heard of Einstein-Rosen Bridges?

MARCUS

Only the basics really. Layman's knowledge. It's hard to explain without mathematics.

Indy turns to the chalkboard and hastily draws a diagram.

(CONTINUED)

INDY

So basically they're "shortcuts" through space-time. It's all just hypothetical but Reinschmidt was convinced he could prove the theory true.

BOB

Eventually we raided his compound but found nothing. A few models and papers...but nothing of substantial consequence.

INDY

I watched him die.

Indy flips through the photographs and finds one of Smitty, at what would be his current age, in the American Old West. His smile is broad and toothy, his eyes wild and cocksure.

INDY

At least, I thought I did.

BOB

We've prepared a team to investigate the waters within the Devil's Triangle. Their orders are to locate and retrieve Doctor Reinschmidt and his latest research. I just need to appoint our squadron leader.

Indy looks up at Bob.

BOB

You've earned the right to say no to this, Indy. You've served your country tenfold; we *all* know that. But if there really *is* something to this... then you're the only man that I can trust.

INDY

To do what?

BOB

To *destroy* what's been discovered. If such technology truly exists, no one should hold that power in their hands.

(CONTINUED)

Indy takes off his glasses and looks at his Colonel's Hat hanging on the chalkboard. He nods at Bob which cues a soundtrack of military percussion that ultimately drowns out Como.

FADE TO:

72

EXT. AIR FIELD - NIGHT

Indy, now regaled in casual military dress, stands across the screen from Marcus, who is cloaked in a winter jacket and bowler top hat. There's a silver plane on the right, and a massive steel wired globe looms in the distance.

MARCUS

We've already got more than we can handle. This world is filled with so much mystery.

INDY

And history keeps all her dirty secrets.

MARCUS

Good thing you're here to dig the details up.

Marcus hands Indy a package.

INDY

What's this?

MARCUS

Oh, just a little bit of luck. Caution may not be enough this time.

INDY

It never is! Too caught up in the wind.

MARCUS

Be careful out there.

INDY

Here we go again.

Indy turns away and starts up the plane ramp.

MARCUS

Indy!

(CONTINUED)

INDY

Yeah?

MARCUS

You cannot change your past. I only
ask you try not to forget it.

Indy nods and enters the plane.

73 EXT. AIR FIELD - RUNWAY

The plane lifts off and the Raider's March soars in tandem
with it's ascent.

FADE TO:

74 EXT. WORLD MAP

A beige map of mid-century North America. A red dot marked
in New York City transforms into a line that hurtles over
the continental US, surges down the Eastern seaboard, and
redirects itself in Miami before reaching its destination of
Andros Island in the Bahamas.

FADE TO:

75 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - DAY

The narrow shore is surrounded by verdant foliage and clouds
streak across the sky like heavenly brush strokes. An old
dock juts out into the teal ocean. It is the only sign of
civilization for miles. Atop it stands a lone beautiful
woman, Grace Lovell.

She holds a black suitcase and her brunette locks are
braided lavishly. Her midnight blue blouse hangs loosely
over a light grey skirt. She appears slightly annoyed,
tapping her black high heel.

She stares at an old pocket watch that ticks and ticks, the
hour hand almost past noon. Finally, something catches her
attention and the faint sound of an engine hums in the
distance.

She whips out a small walkie talkie and holds it to her
lips.

GRACE

Wool Wolf to Storm Leader. Do you
copy?

(CONTINUED)

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Affirmative, Wool Wolf. What's your position?

GRACE
I'm at the dock. The squadron's just arriving.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Permission to engage, then?

GRACE
Negative. No sign yet of the Colonel.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Standing by. (Pause) Can you confirm the intel on your team?

GRACE
Only what I know.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Then who's that, there? The shaggy one riding the motor bike?

Grace pulls out binoculars and peers into the scopes.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - JUNGLE PATH

A custom built motorcycle races along a rugged jungle path, kicking up a perpetual cloud of dust that billows through the low hanging vines.

The rider is tall and hairy. His frizzy crown grows like a fern. His face is masked by a thick brown beard and a set of racing goggles caked with mud. His clothing is minimal: brown combat boots and a tartan kilt below a dark t-shirt. His burly arms and shoulders are pale skinned yet perpetually smeared with soot. A hefty satchel's slung over his broad back and the front strap's fashioned into a makeshift bandoleer.

GRACE (O.S.)
Sargent Rod Wyatt. Combat specialist. More commonly known by his nickname "Rowdy." 19th Regiment Royal Artillery-

(CONTINUED)

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
A Highland Gunner, eh?

GRACE (O.S.)
And veteran of both the Italian and
North African campaigns.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
That all?

GRACE (O.S.)
He's hard to understand.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
And why is that?

GRACE (O.S.)
He only speaks Scots Gaelic.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Is that by choice?

GRACE
Try asking him yourself.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
What about that unmarked cargo
plane?

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

A large and heavily modified dual tailed seaplane, the Double Malt, soars through the air just a few hundred feet above the rolling surf. It turns into a slow barrel roll displaying a hint of its pilot's expertise. Painted on the side of its weather beaten hull is a busty redhead riding a black winged mustang. The colt explodes out of a deck of playing cards over the cursive script: "Why Take Chances?"

GRACE (O.S.)
The Double Malt?

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
She actually exists?

GRACE (O.S.)
A shadow in the night, sun ray by
day. They say she's flown over a
hundred missions, transporting
ammunition, food, and supplies to
allied causes all over the globe.

(CONTINUED)

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
The legends, are they true?

GRACE (O.S.)
You never know. She's built to land
on any type of surface. But jungle
tops, hot lava, and ice sheets?
Most likely just the boasting of
her pilot:

CUT TO:

78 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Capt. JIMMY RAY JENKINS sports white slacks, and a cream colored button up that is strapped over with dual holsters, each one carrying a fastidiously polished Colt 45 Peacemaker. Both are concealed underneath a navy blue blazer. A cobalt handkerchief buds out of his left breast pocket and his mocha skin sparkles underneath a bushy black mustache. His jet black hair is expertly combed and styled in the front but hangs free and loose in the back.

The cockpit is massive; large enough to fit a copilot, two passengers and then some. Numerous lights twinkle on and off indicating various statistics and measurements.

GRACE (O.S.)
Civilian Captain Jimmy Ray Jenkins.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Civilian? You must mean
a...criminal.

GRACE (O.S.)
The term is "independent
contractor."

Jimmy coolly swings his bird around, grinning behind a set of aviators. As he prepares to come in for a smooth watery finish, his eye catches an object that's cutting quickly across the ocean.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. OCEAN

A small but highly maneuverable speed boat accelerates through the water, skipping over the waves so frequently that it appears to be hovering over the surf. Its hull, painted many times over, is a muted mud orange, and the boat is driven by a young man, no more than twenty five years of age.

(CONTINUED)

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)

And what about that speeder over there? The one between the sun and it's reflection.

CUT TO:

80

INT. WAVELINER - COCKPIT

Cdr. SKIP Faraway smiles broadly in the hot sun and squints out at the dock. His blonde sand washed mop flaps in the wind, and his white skin is richly tanned. He wears black boots, dark brown slacks, and a black button up, collar undone, and sleeves rolled up just below the elbows. Clasp around his waist is a combat belt. Its right side holsters a vintage Smith & Wesson 38 special, and jury rigged on the left is a sheathed Japanese Katana.

Skip adjusts a few controls on the dashboard and leans to his right as the ship banks toward the dock.

GRACE (O.S.)

Commander Matthew James Faraway Jr. Just another prairie dog farm boy who came of age and joined up in the Navy. But do not let his youthful looks deceive you. He isn't such a bad pilot himself, and no one in the fleet can match his blade.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)

And what about you Wool Wolf? What's your story?

GRACE (O.S.)

Nothing that you don't already know.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)

There's *always* more.

GRACE (O.S.)

Too true. Over and out.

81

EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - DOCK

Rowdy rolls his motorbike to a soft stop just a few feet away from Grace. Skip pulls his boat up on the left, and the Double Malt glides to a landing on the right. Grace makes eye contact with each of them as they step onto the dock, and holds up the pocket watch.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP
I think we're late.

JIMMY
But fashionably so.

GRACE
That's more than I can say for
Colonel Jones.

ROWDY
[I think the Colonel can speak for
himself.]

JIMMY
What'd he just say?

SKIP
Don't look at me, Captain. I didn't
volunteer to translate Gaelic.

JIMMY
What about you professor? Any clue?

GRACE
I'm a doctor of physics not
linguistics.

SKIP
I guess that makes the Colonel our
translator?

GRACE
He's got a way with words alright.

INDY
He said-

Rowdy raises his eyebrows and looks up into the sky behind them as a signal. Jimmy, Skip and Grace turn around to find Indy calmly floating down from the sky, harnessed to a parachute.

INDY
I think the Colonel can speak for
himself.

Indy lands at the edge of the dock, and tips his Colonel's hat at Grace. His parachute lands in the water.

INDY
Or in so many words.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Oh so so many.

Jimmy leans toward Skip.

JIMMY

I sense a history between these two.

SKIP

Don't need to be a zen master for that.

GRACE

I never took you for a fly boy, Jones.

INDY

Nor I, until the Battle of Britain. Captain Jenkins. Commander Faraway.

SKIP

Please call me Skip, sir.

INDY

Ha! Skip Faraway? You make that up yourself?

ROWDY

Oh Indiana.

INDY

And how you been ole pal? Did you miss me?

ROWDY

[I'm not your pooch you crazy grave robber.]

INDY

You're always good for one hell of a greeting.

GRACE

So what made you decide to parachute?

INDY

I needed to get a lay of the land.

JIMMY

You notice anything?

(CONTINUED)

INDY

You bet I did. The package that
"washed up" by the Naval base
landed on the *eastern* edge of the
shore.

SKIP

So what's that mean?

ROWDY

[Enlighten us, Professor.]

INDY

I doubt it floated in from the
Atlantic.

JIMMY

You're saying somebody *delivered*
it?

GRACE

Espionage.

INDY

No other explanation. If somehow
Reinschmidt really *is* behind this,
I doubt he's working with some type
of arm-

A strange hum starts soft and grows louder.

INDY

Do you hear that?

SKIP

Hear what?

ROWDY

[That humming noise.]

Rowdy and Indy lock glares. The others don't understand
Gaelic but know exactly what the Scot just said. Suddenly
SWIFT BOAT I appears on the northern horizon clipping
shallow and perpendicular to the shore.

SKIP

Looks like a swift boat.

JIMMY

All the way out here?

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

Are we expecting anybody else?

INDY

The general has insurance standing by. Avengers posing as a training flight.

JIMMY

That's not a plane.

SKIP

And too early to call one.

Skip takes out his gun, and peers through the scope at:

82 INT. GUN SCOPE

An eight man platoon of unmarked Storm Troopers readying their machine guns. Each is garbed in a grey smock coat, mullet helmet, and a Great War gas mask. There is also a larger soldier, STORM COMMANDER, in the middle, who is beginning to whirl a grappling hook like a lasso.

83 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - DOCK

Skip puts down the gun and turns to the team.

INDY

What'd you see?

SKIP

It doesn't matter now.

INDY

Why not?

SKIP

Because right now we need to *duck*.

Swift Boat I swerves by the dock and our five heroes drop and hit the deck, Indy dragged down by Rowdy. Bullets whiz past overhead.

Storm Commander launches his grappling hook into the air. The hook soars high and arcs down, splashing just short of the edge of the dock. As the Swift Boat speeds away, however, Storm Leader dumps a long line of cable into the water that is still attached to ship's deck.

Indy staggers to his feet in disbelief, watching the boat as it flees, as everyone else gets up.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

They tried to hook his chute!

SKIP

Take off your pack!

INDY

Hold on! Hand me the hook.

Rowdy picks up the grappling hook and hands it to Indy.

JIMMY

What for?

Indy takes the grappling hook and clasps it to front of his chute straps.

INDY

For *this*.

GRACE

Hey wait! What are you doing?!?

Indy's body is jerked into the ocean, and dragged along the water before wind fills up his parachute, and whisks our hero into the air.

GRACE

That's his plan?

SKIP

He *is* the brains, Doctor.

JIMMY

And just like that, we've got our first objective.

SKIP

Which is?

ROWDY

[What else?]

GRACE

Go rescue Colonel Jones.

CUT TO:

84 INT. SWIFT BOAT - COCKPIT

STORM CAPTAIN steers the Swift Boat down the coast of Andros Island as the intercom button starts flashing. He flips the com switch on.

STORM COMMANDER (O.S.)
Captain!

STORM CAPTAIN
Report.

STORM COMMANDER (O.S.)
We've captured Colonel Jones.

STORM CAPTAIN
Excellent.

STORM COMMANDER (O.S.)
But Captain-

STORM CAPTAIN
Yes, Commander?

STORM COMMANDER (O.S.)
The Colonel is no longer in the water.

STORM CAPTAIN
You've brought him aboard then?

STORM COMMANDER (O.S.)
Well-

85 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

Storm Commander looks up into the sky and sees Indy in the air, pursued by both the Waveliner and the Double Malt.

STORM COMMANDER
Not exactly.

86 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

The Double Malt soars through the sky in pursuit of Swift Boat I.

JIMMY (O.S.)
You see him, Skip?

SKIP (O.S.)
O I see him alright!

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (O.S.)

Pull back! Ease off your speed and
bring us closer. We'll need to stay
behind and give him cover.

87 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

STORM GUNNER mounts the rear machine gun, moves his cross
hairs past Indy and takes aim at the Double Malt's cockpit.

88 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

Machine gun fire streaks towards the Double Malt.

89 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy works the controls, realigning the Malt behind Indy's
parachute. He turns to Grace.

JIMMY

He ain't the one who needs the
cover, Doctor.

90 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

Storm Gunner tries to follow the Double Malt, sending a
stream of bullets at Indy.

91 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

Indy's eyes widen as he realizes what's about to happen, and
ducks his head as the bullets whiz by. He looks back and
then down at the Swift.

INDY

Hey! I'm precious cargo here!

92 EXT. SWIFT BOAT - DECK

Storm Gunner is about to squeeze the trigger again when
Storm Commander kicks his hands away from the gun.

STORM COMMANDER

Idiot! I told you not to fire on
the Colonel! Our orders were to
bring him back *alive*.

93 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - COAST

The Waveliner surges underneath the Double Malt and makes a run towards the Swift Boat I's right flank.

94 INT. WAVELINER - COCKPIT

Skip pulls down on the the throttle as Rowdy pulls out his crossbow and takes aim at Storm Commander.

95 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

Storm Gunner looks out at both the incoming Waveliner, and the Double Malt, which continues to bob and weave behind Indy's parachute.

STORM GUNNER
What about the others?

STORM COMMANDER
You can shoot them! But if you hit
the Colonel you're a dead ma-

Suddenly, Storm Commander is hit in the chest with a large black arrow. He collapses into the machine gun nest as Storm Gunner picks up the radio.

STORM GUNNER
Captain, are you there? Captain!
Come in!

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Status report?

STORM GUNNER
They just killed the Commander!

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
What happened?

STORM GUNNER
Someone shot him with a cross-

Another black shaft whizzes slams into Storm Gunner, who drops the phone.

96 INT. SWIFT BOAT - COCKPIT

Storm Captain turns towards two more Storm Troopers.

STORM CAPTAIN
Get back there and find out what's
going on. I'll radio the other boat
for backup.

(CONTINUED)

STORM TROOPER I
But won't that blow our cover?

STORM CAPTAIN
It's too late. The only thing that
matters now is *Jones*.

97 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy continues to adjust the controls on the dashboard in order to stay behind Indy's parachute when he notices Swift Boat II speeding towards Swift Boat I's left flank.

JIMMY
You see that, Skip?

98 INT. WAVELINER - COCKPIT

Skip ducks behind the glass windshield, evading fire.

SKIP
I'm kinda busy here!

Skip turns the wheel, and slams the Waveliner into Swift Boat I.

99 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

The two Storm Troopers emerge from the interior of Swift Boat I to find Indy flailing in the sky.

Storm Trooper II spots the handle crank that the grappling hook's been tethered to, and starts reeling in Indy.

100 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

Indy takes aim at Storm Trooper II with his Webley.

INDY
Oh no you don't.

101 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

The bullet slams into the crank and Storm Trooper II releases the handle. The crank then spins back quickly in the other direction spitting out the other end of the rope.

102 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

The smiles on Indy's face quickly disappears as he realizes what he's just done.

INDY

Ok. Bad idea, Jones.

No longer tethered to Swift Boat I Indy's chute lifts back towards the Double Malt.

103 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy's eyes go wide as the gap between the parachute and the Malt's propellers closes quickly. He pulls hard on the yoke and attempts to decelerate.

GRACE

Blast it, Skip. What's happening down there?!?

SKIP (O.S.)

Another trooper just picked up the rope.

GRACE

Do *not* shoot him!

SKIP (O.S.)

So tell that to Colonel!

JIMMY

Any ideas on how we're gonna save him?

SKIP (O.S.)

You worry about that incoming Swift Boat!

104 INT. WAVELINER - COCKPIT

Skip draws his katana and Rowdy takes control of the Waveliner.

SKIP

I'll worry about saving Colonel Jones.

105 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy looks out at Swift Boat II and turns to Grace.

JIMMY

You ever man a gun before, Doctor?

GRACE

Not from a plane but-

Grace unstraps herself and exits towards the bottom turret.

GRACE

How hard could it be?

106 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

The Double Malt peels away from Indy's parachute and towards Swift Boat II. Immediately, the Double Malt's belly turret starts firing.

107 INT. DOUBLE MALT - BELLY TURRET

Grace centers her scopes on Swift Boat II and unleashes a round of gun fire. A small radio starts beeping by her side, and she clicks off the turret's internal comm. She picks up her radio and flips the switch.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)

What are you doing, Wool Wolf! Stop shooting!

GRACE

And blow my cover? Sorry, no can do! Unfortunately I'm gonna have to sell it.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)

I'm warning you!

GRACE

You wanna make an omelette? We're gonna have to crack a couple egg heads.

Grace squeezes off another round which slams into Swift Boat II. This sparks an explosion that severs the boat in two.

108 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

Indy draws his whip, and wraps it over the rope, jury rigging a makeshift zip line. He then unclips his harness.

109 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

Storm Troopers I and II look on as Indy extracts himself from the parachute harness.

STORM TROOPER I
What do we do!?

STORM TROOPER II
Anything but let go!

Suddenly, Skip leaps onto the deck. He holds his katana in his left hand and points his pistol at the Troopers with his right.

SKIP
Tie it to the crank and reel him in.

Skip looks back at Indy and lets his guard down for the briefest of instants. Storm Trooper II to grabs a Fish Pole and swings at Skip, knocking the gun from his grip.

110 EXT. ANDROS ISLAND - SKY

Indy slips out of his parachute harness and holds on tight to both ends of his whip as he zip lines down the rope.

111 EXT. SWIFT BOAT I - DECK

Storm Trooper II takes another swing at Skip, who ducks, and is about to riposte when he sees Storm Trooper II draw his side arm.

Storm Trooper II pulls the trigger and starts to squeeze when Indy slams feet first into his back, sending him overboard.

Storm Trooper I turns to Skip and takes another swing but Skip parries the pole, slicing through it.

Skip centers on his right heel, shifts his hips and hits Storm Trooper I with a solid roundhouse kick to the gut, knocking him overboard.

Indy rolls up his whip, which Skip looks at skeptically.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

You're carrying a *bullwhip*?

Indy holds the whip up and motions to the rope he just used as a zip line.

INDY

Don't I always? Try pulling that one off with a katana.

Skip sheathes his katana and shrugs.

SKIP

Alright, I owe you one.

Storm Gunner, in his final death throes, swings around the mounted machine gun, and loads a clip.

Hearing the click, Skip turns to find the machine gun pointed directly at him.

Indy draws his whip and lashes it. The leather coil wraps around the gun shaft and Indy gives it a strong tug, jerking Storm Gunner to his left. He trips over the side of the boat and splashes into the ocean.

Indy holds up two fingers at Skip.

INDY

Who's keeping count, kid?

Indy moves towards the cockpit of Swift Boat I as Skip looks up at the Double Malt, giving a two fingered salute.

CUT TO:

112 INT. SWIFT BOAT I - COCKPIT

Storm Captain peers out at the wreckage and pulls down his intercom again.

STORM CAPTAIN

Wool Wolf! Do you copy? Come in,
Wool Wolf! Blast it!

He throws the comm down and hears the sounds of a cocked gun. He spins around to find himself in the sights of Indy's Webley.

INDY

Hey now. No need to be upset.

Skip also steps out of the shadows with his Katana drawn.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

He only brought a couple of his friends.

INDY

You did *invite* me to this party, no?

STORM CAPTAIN

Colonel Jones. So lovely you could make it.

INDY

I can't say that I'm happy to be here.

STORM CAPTAIN

Come now Colonel! I seriously doubt that.

INDY

How do you figure?

STORM CAPTAIN

Indiana Jones? The great and consummate adventurer? Back on the trail of his old enemy? That seems enough to make him ditch his schoolwork!

INDY

I think you're overstating his esteem.

STORM CAPTAIN

Oh am I now? The last time you two met, you barely cheated death over the ocean.

INDY

I've been in worse spots. Tell me, where is Reinschmidt.

STORM CAPTAIN

The doctor? Oh he's just across the water. But that's relatively speaking of course.

SKIP

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

STORM CAPTAIN

In space he's rather close. But in regards to time? Far, far away.

INDY

That's it. I've heard enough of this nonsense.

Indy grabs Storm Captain by the collar.

STORM CAPTAIN

Nonsense, Colonel Jones? You put on *airs*. And after all to which you have been witness! You still prefer to act so cynical when deep down you know you're a true believer.

Indy pauses, softening his grip.

STORM CAPTAIN

If you do not believe in all of this then tell me why you're standing here right now? On my ship in pursuit of Dr. Reinschmidt? And not on campus flirting with your students?

INDY

If he's alive then tell me where is. Now.

STORM CAPTAIN

I can't.

Indy tightens his grip.

INDY

Why not?

STORM CAPTAIN

My orders are to *show* you.

Lightning flashes on the horizon and the roar of thunder booms in the distance. Rain quickly starts to pour.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Double Malt soars over the ocean somewhere in between the three points of the Devil's Triangle. The rain has picked up rapidly and the thunder cracks loudly.

114 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy coolly pilots the Double Malt and Rowdy sits in the navigator's seat on his right. Indy and Storm Captain stand behind them.

SKIP (O.S.)
Um, Colonel!

INDY
Yeah, Skip?

SKIP (O.S.)
Maybe it's just me, but-

115 INT. DOUBLE MALT - TOP TURRET

Skip mans the top turret and scans the sky for bogeys. A slight fog is creeping around the plane.

SKIP
I'm thinking we should radio the General.

116 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Indy looks at Rowdy and Jimmy.

ROWDY (O.S.)
[Agreed.]

JIMMY
We *did* just blow up two swift boats.

INDY
You got me there. Alright, let's flip the channel.

Rowdy turns a knob which starts a blanket of white static.

INDY
Bullwhip to Thunder Bear do you copy? Repeat! Bullwhip calling Thunder Bear! Over.

Bob's voice crackles to life.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (O.S.)
Copy Bullwhip. What's going on out there? Recon's reporting explosions. Over.

INDY
We met a little resistance! Over.

BOB (O.S.)
Resistance? Of what kind, Bullwhip? Over.

INDY
A squadron of German Swift Boats. Over.

BOB (O.S.)
German Swift Boats? In the Bahamas? Over.

INDY
Affirmative. We just captured their Captain. He's leading us to Reinschmidt. Over.

BOB (O.S.)
He's alive, then? Over.

INDY
I can't confirm that Thunder Bear. Over.

BOB (O.S.)
I'll scramble five Avengers, then. Over.

INDY
Negative, Thunder Bear. Hold that order. Give us a chance to explore first. Over.

BOB (O.S.)
What's that Bullwhip? You're breaking up! Over.

INDY
I said we need time to investigate. I'm not sure what we're dealing with yet. Over.

The static gets louder and Bob's voice grows softer.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (O.S.)

What's that? Repeat! You're barely audible! Bullwhip, give us your location! Over.

INDY

Rowdy try and pick up more reception. Where are we Jimmy?

Rowdy fiddles with the radio as Jimmy looks at the compass, which is spinning in a blur.

INDY

Jimmy?

JIMMY

I don't *know*.

INDY

What do you mean?

JIMMY

The nav controls are *shot*. The instruments are spinning out of whack.

SKIP (O.S.)

Hey guys?

JIMMY

What's up?

SKIP (O.S.)

Are you seeing this fog?

GRACE (O.S.)

All clear down here.

SKIP (O.S.)

I can't make out a thing. You sure that you-

GRACE (O.S.)

No wait. I see it too.

Indy stares at the massive clouds forming on the horizon. Thunder and lightning rock the ship.

JIMMY

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
What's that?

STORM CAPTAIN
A cumulonimbus.

SKIP (O.S.)
Which is?

INDY
Something we *don't* wanna fly into.

STORM CAPTAIN
Unfortunately there *is* no going
back. For we've already done so!

GRACE (O.S.)
Oh my God.

INDY
What is it?

117 INT. DOUBLE MALT - BELLY TURRET

Grace looks at the windshield which is now covered in fog.

GRACE
Dr. Reinschmidt's "mystic fog."

INDY (O.S.)
I thought it was a *theory*?

GRACE (O.S.)
Well it was-

118 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Storm Captain smiles at Indy, savoring the moment.

STORM CAPTAIN
Until he he proved it as a rule. Do
you know what the irony is Colonel?

INDY
Enlighten me.

STORM CAPTAIN
Humanity creates technology in
order to advance into the future.
But Mother Earth continually
reminds us-

119 EXT. CUMULONIMBUS - CELL CORE

Clouds form around the Double Malt as it enters the core of the Cumulonimbus.

STORM CAPTAIN (O.S.)
She has a natural ways of doing things.

120 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

A large shadow falls over everyone as they stare into the cell core.

The clock on the control dash starts moving forward quicker than normal. At first second hand, but then the minute hand, and finally the hour as all three whirl into a blur.

SKIP (O.S.)
Hey guys, what's going on?

GRACE (O.S.)
I'm feeling sleepy.

JIMMY
Your orders, Colonel?

Indy shakes his head to snap out of a daze.

INDY
Keep flying her straight.

Indy turns to Storm Captain.

INDY
You wanted to show me Dr.
Reinschmidt? Well now's your
chance.

Storm Captain points to a tunnel opening on the far side of the nimbus.

STORM CAPTAIN
Head towards the outer vortex.

Rowdy fiddles with the radio until Bob's voice comes through.

BOB (O.S.)
Repeat! Are you there Bullwhip? Do
you read me?

(CONTINUED)

INDY

I read you Thunder Bear! Sorry
'bout that!

BOB (O.S.)

Indy! Oh thank God! Where the hell
are you?

INDY

We're passing through some sort of
magnetic field. Where are we on
your scopes? What's our location?

BOB (O.S.)

Nowhere! We can't place you!

INDY

Say again?

JIMMY

We just took off from Southern
Andros Island.

INDY

We've been airborne for just over
an hour.

BOB (O.S.)

But Indy-

INDY

What?

BOB (O.S.)

The last time that we spoke.

INDY

He's breaking up.

121 EXT. CUMULONIMBUS - EXIT VORTEX

The Double Malt soars towards the vortex which a reaches out
at them at the same time.

BOB (O.S.)

Was over *four hours* ago!

122 INT. DOUBLE MALT - TOP TURRET

Skip looks into the vortex as waves of light begin swirling in spirals along the tunnel walls. He fights to keep his eyes open until they finally close shut.

SKIP

I think I better say good night
Gracie.

123 INT. DOUBLE MALT - BELLY TURRET

Grace looks out at the vortex as her eyes begin to flutter.

GRACE

And just when things were getting
interesting.

124 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Rowdy slumps onto the dash and Jimmy grabs Indy's arm.

JIMMY

I know that you can fly a plane
now, Colonel. But if you crash my
baby you're a dead-

Jimmy slumps over. Indy starts to go but shakes out of it.

INDY

What's happening? Why are they
falling asleep?!

STORM CAPTAIN

I've taken you as far as I could
Colonel. The rest you must discover
on your own.

With a smile of bliss, Storm Captain slumps to floor.

Indy pushes Jimmy out of his seat and takes the controls. He looks at the dash but the spinning instruments are all useless. The flight yoke however functions perfectly.

125 INT. CUMULONIMBUS - VORTEX

Indy steers the Double Malt through the narrowing tunnel as the swirl spirals intensify with white light.

INDY (O.S.)

Hey Rowdy! Rowdy! Wake up you big
lug!

126 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Rowdy snaps to attention and climbs back into the navigator seat. He is groggy but does his best to hold onto consciousness.

INDY
I'm gonna need your help.

ROWDY
[I wish I could but this one's all
on you.]

Rowdy looks at the controls which spin out of control.

INDY
You know how fast we're going?

ROWDY
[No. Do you?]

INDY
Well, if "E" really equals "MC"
squared-

The exit of the tunnel begins to close rapidly, and Indy pulls back on the throttle, pushing the Malt to maximum.

INDY
Then we're about to make the jump
to-

As they reach the zenith of the vortex, the cockpit fills up with white light. Indy and Rowdy's eyes go wide as our frame whites out.

FADE TO:

127 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - UNKNOWN

The Double Malt slides into the frame upon an iced over section of the ocean surface. The sea plane is covered in snow, and passes by small chunks of ice until a massive wooden hull sails into the frame.

128 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Rowdy shakes Indy who slowly starts to come to.

ROWDY
[Hey Indy! Friend, wake up! You
need to see this!]

(CONTINUED)

Indy raises his arm to shield his eyes from the intense sunlight. He flips on the com.

INDY
Is everyone alive?

129 INT. DOUBLE MALT - TOP TURRET

Skip looks out over the icy landscape in confusion.

SKIP
Too soon to say.

130 INT. DOUBLE MALT - BELLY TURRET

Grace looks down at chunks of floating ice.

GRACE
The air's too cold for Heaven...

131 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy climbs up from the floor and inspects his plane.

JIMMY
But not Hell.

ROWDY
[Hey Indy!]

INDY
What?

ROWDY
[You need to look outside.]

Indy opens up the cockpit door and steps out.

INDY
Alright but after everything I've
seen, there isn't anything that
would-

132 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - UNKNOWN

Indy stares at a massive sail ship from 15th century. It is littered with unmarked Storm Troopers, each one complete with helmet and WWI gas mask. Their guns are aimed and ready.

Standing on the ship's nose, in the same posture as the famous painting of George Washington crossing the Delaware, is none other than Smitty. He's regaled in a fur-lined explorer's coat.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
Surprise me.

SMITTY
Good morning Colonel! Welcome to my
home.

Multiple squadrons of Messerschmitts soar overhead as Indy looks past Smitty and sees the Installation: a giant stone fort carved into a huge land mass. Atop the fort sits an electrical platform shaped like a ziggurat. The zenith is flat yet supports long conductors positioned to complete the pyramid.

SMITTY
Since we have time your stay has
been...extended.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - UNKNOWN

The sun sets on the horizon as the SS Lusca sails towards the Installation, dragging the Double Malt in tow.

134 INT. LUSCA - DECK

Indy and his squad stand bound aboard the Lusca's prow, flanked by a squadron of Storm Guards.

INDY
Where are we, Smitty?

SMITTY
The Devil's Triangle.

INDY
Impossible.

ROWDY
[It's truly frozen over.]

JIMMY
You know we're in the tropic of
cancer, right?

INDY
Maybe we're somewhere else.

SKIP
Like the Antarctic?

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

The southern underworld? I do not think so. Sails not my ship unto Neuschwabenland: where Adolph Hitler secretly resides and leads his Fourth Reich to world domination. Come now, such places are mere science fiction!
(Pause) The real question, Colonel, is *when* are we? At first I suspected the Cryogenian but now I know we're in some future ice age.

INDY

Quit playing games.

SKIP

Where did you get this ship?

SMITTY

It was a derelict down here for years...but we had *time* to make proper repairs.

GRACE

And how long have you been working down here?

SMITTY

Oh my it feels like eternity! But our first expedition into the fog, came on September 8th 1945. Not too long after you raided my labs.

INDY

Which harbored useless junk.

SMITTY

I *disagree*. Indeed my puzzle then was incomplete...but now, Colonel, you fit the final piece!

Indy shakes his head.

INDY

The Nazis wouldn't fund something like this. You were just a smoke and mirror campaign-

GRACE

Devised to mislead our top secret agents.

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

Oh really, eh? Is that what they concluded? Sounds more like Nazi disinformation. I was the fail safe plan don't you remember?

INDY

Mystic Fog Theory's a pseudo-science.

SMITTY

That may be right but Colonel you forget. I never purported to *be* a Nazi. Indeed I was in league to take their money, but I assure you: I'm a scientist. The greatest that the world will ever know. I have much better plans for my research than giving it over to the late Furher.

INDY

What kind of plans?

SMITTY

All in good time, Colonel. I must say you demand a ton of questions for one who just became a prisoner.

INDY

I guess I've got an inquisitive mind.

SMITTY

Then tell it to inquire into *this*.

Smitty points to the which the Installation, which is now in full view.

SMITTY

It's right before your eyes, time after time. Can you not see? Or do you still refuse?

JIMMY

But that's the-

ROWDY

[No.]

SKIP

It can't be.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Yes, it is.

INDY

Castillo San Felipe del Morro.

SMITTY

The famous Spanish fort of Old San Juan! Still here long after humankind's extinction.

135 EXT. INSTALLATION - DOCK

The Lusca pulls into port as Indy stares dumbfounded. There are a number of ships docked on the slopes, and Storm Guards are posted throughout.

136 EXT. LUSCA - DECK

Smitty grabs a rope and steps onto the railing.

SMITTY

Do you still think I'm an illusionist?

137 EXT. INSTALLATION - DOCK

Smitty cuts another rope and descends onto the dock. He lands by Storm Assistant who's waiting with a clip board.

SMITTY

Report.

STORM ASSISTANT

All stations clear!

SMITTY

Bring down the prisoners. Let Dietreich know to fire up the stove. Tonight our dinner must be right on schedule.

138 INT. LUSCA - DECK

Jimmy's stomach growls.

JIMMY

I wonder what he's cooking.

SKIP

Something fishy.

(CONTINUED)

INDY

Agreed.

SKIP

I mean-

Skip points out a fishing boat.

139 EXT. STORM SCHOONER - DECK

STORM FISHERMAN crouches on the stern of the schooner and points his rifle at the ready.

Suddenly, a huge fish leaps into the air and Storm Fisherman fires his elongated rifle at it, scoring a direct hit. He turns to the other Storm Fishers who give him a cheer of acknowledgement. He then tosses down his rifle and dives into the water to collect his kill.

SKIP (O.S.)

I bet that's all they have.

140 EXT. INSTALLATION - CLIFF PASS

Smitty and the Storm Guards lead Indy and the others up a cliff pass. Behind them, Storm Fishers drag huge sacks of fish.

Indy looks at a sign that has been crudely nailed into the ground. He reads the painted quote:

INDY

"Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

SMITTY

When we arrived we thought it was abandoned.

Indy looks at the Storm Guards bustling throughout the fort, all engaging in some form of duty.

INDY

Who are these guys?

SMITTY

They call themselves the "locals." They're everyone who's ever disappeared within the limits of the triangle. As well as the twelve other vortices.

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

Twelve other what?

GRACE

Magnetic Vortices.

SMITTY

Twelve points upon the Earth which register electromagnetic anomalies. Five are aligned on the tropic of Cancer and, sure enough, five more on Capricorn. The other two compose the polar axis. There's one in the Dragon's Sea by Japan, another to the south of Timbukto, the Indus Valley, out in Pakistan, Hamakulia over in Hawaii-

JIMMY

Some of those aren't even in the ocean.

SMITTY

And when they're not they harbor *monoliths*. The vortices are connected by ley lines.

INDY

You're telling me they all ended up here?

SMITTY

They hail from every era of mankind.

JIMMY

What's with the masks?

SMITTY

Our oxygen's *receding*.

GRACE

How long have they been here?

SMITTY

It's hard to tell. The elders said that in the beginning, a ship would wash up every other day. Until I came about a year ago. Since then there's been no one; except for you.

(CONTINUED)

INDY

I thought you said you got here in September?

SMITTY

Indeed, but that's according to your timeline.

SKIP

Anyone from our future?

SMITTY

Absolutely.

JIMMY

Reality sure is stranger than fiction.

SMITTY

Before my team and I arrived, they all seemed hopeless. Unorganized and squabbling for food. But I was basking in epiphany: the Triangle wanted *me* to lead its chosen.

141 EXT. INSTALLATION - SUMMIT

As the party arrives at the top of the steps they are met with a sweeping view of the Ziggurat. Behind it, the city of Old San Juan has been totally razed.

In it's place is a massive airfield and an airstrip where a Messerschmitt is taking off.

SMITTY

Ah, look! It's our latest reconnaissance.

The Ziggurat's pointed conductors spark to life, as fog is drawn in from the sky and begins to form around the open "eye cap" of the pyramid.

SMITTY

My flight into the fog confirmed my theory.

INDY

Which was?

SMITTY

That one does not travel in time, but rather time itself travels with one.

(CONTINUED)

The Messerschmitt lifts into the air and soars through the eye. It picks up the cloud of fog, which clings to the craft. The ship then flies into the sky and quickly disappears.

INDY

What is it?

SMITTY

A magnetic amplifier! It was designed to attract mystic fog...then concentrate it at one single source.

INDY

A miracle of German engineering.

SMITTY

Do you believe in miracles, Colonel? Belief itself is actually the key.

INDY

What do you mean?

SMITTY

See, time is not a river.

INDY

What is then?

SMITTY

Why Colonel, it's a *field*. What if I told you all your memories were not just simple Hollywood recordings, or film reels you play back mid popcorn snack...but rather your inherent ability to virtually connect with what has past.

Indy is about to respond, but stops short, mulling it over.

SMITTY

The mystic fog creates the natural bubble, but the pineal gland, or your third eye, is the mechanism that *truly* transports you. The past, Colonel, is merely information, which can be changed on the whim of perspective.

Jimmy leans toward Skip who shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

This making any sense?

SMITTY

You see these people? All of them believe. And with their help I've built a time machine.

Indy looks at the amplifier and the rest of the Storm Guards scurrying across the field, preparing the strip for another Messerschmitt.

INDY

And what do you intend to do with it?

Smitty motions to the Storm Guards who grab the squad, and march them toward the fort.

SMITTY

That's something we'll discuss over dinner.

CUT TO:

142 INT. INSTALLATION - DINING ROOM

A massive hall with spectacularly high ceilings. In the middle of the room sits an extra-long dining table, set and dressed with exquisite and exotic china. The walls are covered with paintings from all ages and countries and at the rear, towering over everything, is a massive painting of *Luther at the Diet of Worms*, by Anton von Werner.

Smitty motions at the door and STORM WAITERS, regaled in gas masks and waiter outfits, rush out with silver platters.

SMITTY

I hope you've no aversion to canned goods?

The Storm Waiters take the tops off the platters, which unleash an immense cloud of steam. Using tongs, they place the meals on each guest's plate. These "meals" are nondescript metal cans which have been partially opened.

Worms peek out from the opened crevices, and squirm out of the can and onto the plates.

SMITTY

Some time ago within the Fatherland, rose a great hero known as Adolph Hitler. He was a stern

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY (cont'd)
but benevolent soul and, under his inspired leadership, his country rose beyond the Great Depression to grow into the strongest nation state the modern world would ever come to know. But how he did accomplish this, you ask? By liberating his brothers and sisters from the sadistic practice of usury. By nationalizing the German banks he freed his people from debt slavery and showed the world a true alternative to the gilded greed of capitalism. He reclaimed lands that were unjustly taken at the villainous Treaty of Versailles and strove for peace at every point of conflict. He did not want to mass murder the Jews and even worked to build them a safe haven upon the island of Madagascar. But, after six years of chasing ideals, the world suppressed his social revolution. In 1945 he took his life and would be demonized for years to come through the news media and propaganda, thanks mostly to the reels of Hollywood.

The table goes utterly silent. The worms are still spilling out of the cans and squirming all over the table.

Rowdy grabs one and chews on it casually. He swallows it, turns to Indy, and shakes his head: no good.

SMITTY
I'm sorry are your meals
unappetizing?

INDY
That's the biggest crock of-

ROWDY
[Shit-]

INDY
I've ever heard.

SKIP
You're leaving out a ton of crucial
facts.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

While tossing in a bunch blatant
lies.

SMITTY

Of course I am! Everyone here knows
that. For all of you were
first-hand witnesses to who and
what the Nazis really were. But, as
it does to all within this world,
the great decider, mankind's
greatest foe, that crushing heel
that keeps us back from godhood, is
always working, working overtime,
to erode truths once made
self-evident.

INDY

So what's your point?

SMITTY

My point is, Colonel Jones, the
human brain's hard wired to forget
the lessons that it's learned from
history. And...when it forgets, the
Devil makes revisions, by leaving
out the most important details.

INDY

Why me Smitty? Why do you need me
here?

SMITTY

Have you ever wanted to change your
past?

GRACE

Of course. Everyone wants-

SMITTY

To right their wrongs. I *know* he
has, and *that* is why he's here.

INDY

I don't need you. It's *you* who
called on *me*.

SMITTY

Nevertheless, you heed my beck and
call. *(Pause)* All of us here, we've
seen how it all ends. It's not a
pretty Technicolor picture! All of
our missions, and reconnaissance,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY (cont'd)
depict the tragic fall of all
mankind. The nations states you
just fought to preserve will all
give way to one great New World
Order. A hidden empire within the
shadows. And of those infinite
moments in time I have pinpointed
one above all else, that if altered
would save all mankind from the
horrors of the second World
War...and the fall out of the
nuclear age.

JIMMY
What point is that?

SMITTY
Why don't you ask the Colonel? He
was there in June 1919.

GRACE
You were?

INDY
I had a job as a translator.

SKIP
And where was this?

INDY
The Treaty of Versailles.

SMITTY
A clown court run by bureaucratic
fools who would impede the deeds of
better men.

INDY
Ok, the outcome there was far from
perfect, but I doubt you have any
better ideas.

Smitty gets up and motions to the Storm Guards.

SMITTY
As a matter of fact, Colonel, I do.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK

A hand pulls down three consecutive switches and hundreds of light bulbs illuminate the frame.

Smitty stands upon a thrust stage with a Jazz band. Behind them a giant Atomic Bomb is strung up as the main set piece of the stage.

Indy and the others look on from the front row of the audience. They are surrounded by locals.

INDY
How'd you get it?

SMITTY
Come now, Colonel Jones! I had access to all time to make this bomb. Finding the parts was really rather easy!

SKIP
So *that's* your plan?

JIMMY
You're gonna blow it up?

SMITTY
Forgive me if it's less than rocket science. But given the complexity of all else, I thought you'd appreciate something simple.

SKIP
But why Versailles?

INDY
To circumvent the war.

SMITTY
Take away that treaty, and its clauses, as well as Woodrow Wilson and his League, and you take away the political climate that paved the way for Hitler and his Nazis. And all of this accomplished with one bomb.

GRACE
An *atom* bomb.

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

What is it you once told me? You want to make an omelette? You better be prepared to crack some egg heads!

GRACE

But I-

SMITTY

Yes, you.

SKIP

When did you say that, Grace?

SMITTY

Within one of our many little meetings! Don't tell me Colonel, that you still don't know?

INDY

Know what?

SMITTY

That they have played you for a fool. They want me Colonel, not dead, but *alive*. That's why my saving Grace here was assigned to make sure that my research is returned to its rightful owner: Uncle Sam.

INDY

More lies.

GRACE

It's true.

SMITTY

I am a double agent.

GRACE

Not anymore.

SMITTY

Yes, now I'm going rogue but, believe me, there's still plenty of time.

GRACE

For what?

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

For all of you to join *my* cause. The power to rewrite history is here. You really want to place it in the hands of some corrupt ham-fisted bureaucrat? Something like this should not be locked away while men in suits in smoky back room clubs decide away the fate of the all existence.

SKIP

But what about all those innocent people?

SMITTY

Just think of all the lives we will have saved! (Pause) You said the same over Hiroshima.

INDY

You're an anarchist.

SMITTY

Oh don't say that; for years mankind has tried to take control: of land, the sea, the sky, and of itself. But, Colonel, such control's a grand illusion. Nobody has control over their lives. Not me, not you, nor anybody here. Nor even our heavenly Father Time, whose structure merely serves improvisation, as evidenced by those about to play.

Smitty cues the Storm Band, who ready their instruments.

SMITTY

Now please, *enjoy yourselves*. This is a party. Tomorrow we all rise to rewrite history. Troopers, un-cuff them.

STORM GUARD I

Yes, sir, Chancellor Reinschmidt!

Smitty sits down at a baby grand.

Storm Drummer taps his sticks to initiate the time and Smitty starts a quick intro of Polonaise No. 6 In A Flat major Op. 53.

As he plays, the crowd gets raucous and it parts down the middle separating Skip, Jimmy, and Rowdy from Indy and Grace.

144 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - RIGHT

Men begin to whistle, hoot and holler as Storm Heavy knocks into Rowdy.

ROWDY
[Hey watch it pal!]

STORM HEAVY
Make way for Mistress Mills!

SKIP
Who's Mistress Mills?

JIMMY
The bombshell on the bomb deck.

Jimmy dips his aviators at a gorgeous redheaded: SADIE MILLS. She's tall and wears a bright blue dress.

She makes her way down the newly formed clearing and saddles up to Smitty's piano.

145 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - LEFT

Smitty cues Storm Band once again, and they join in, transitioning into *Till the End of Time*, which Sadie sings.

INDY
When were you gonna tell me?

GRACE
I wasn't. Well, not until I saw it for myself. After our raid, I analyzed his data and brought it to the head of my department. Then shortly afterward he washed ashore...fully ready to cooperate.

INDY
We *funded* the initial operation?

GRACE
The one that planted him in el Morro, yes.

INDY
What about Bob? Does he know too?

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

I think so. No government should have access to this.

INDY

But *Smitty* should?

GRACE

He figured it all out. It was his time, his blood, his sweat and tears.

SKIP

And you condone-

GRACE

That's *not* the plan we hatched. At first they thought to bomb the Beer Hall Putsch, and then it was the thirty-three election, and then again the gassings at Ypres. (Pause) He's showed us Indy. *Everybody* loses. The war is over but there *will* be others. Bombing, raiding, raping, genocide...failed nation building, religious fervor, suicide attacks upon civilians. It just keeps going on on and on. Like some sad, sick and twisted broken record!

INDY

We gotta stop him, Grace.

GRACE

Do we, Indy? We hold a greater power in our hands! For even down here at the end of time the future *still* remains our own to change.

INDY

But at what cost?

GRACE

What cost? The bill's been paid.

INDY

Grace-

GRACE

Damn it Indy! My whole family's dead.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
I know but-

GRACE
Every one of them. All gone.

INDY
Look, I got a stake in this too,
you know!

GRACE
I do know. That's why you're here.
You're a lab rat. He wanted to
observe the direct effects on
future incarnations of past selves.

INDY
And if I don't go along?

GRACE
Then I'm sorry. Today I do not play
for cash and country. But for the
brethren souls of my own being. You
cannot and you will not come
between us.

Grace begins to break down, yet tries to hold it back. Indy
pauses as Sadie's voice fills the void. He looks at Grace
and takes her hand. She turns into him and they dance.

146 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - RIGHT

Skip and Jimmy look on entranced as Rowdy pulls three beer
mugs off the Bar Maid's tray and passes them down the line.

JIMMY
Well what do we do now?

SKIP
Survey the scene. Talk with the
locals; ask 'em any questions! We
can't afford to take this at face
value.

Jimmy looks into the crowd and sees a poker table.

JIMMY
I'm gonna find a game.

SKIP
Rowdy, go with him.

(CONTINUED)

ROWDY
[I'm watching this!]

SKIP
Alright. I'll go with Jimmy...but
keep an eye on Indy.

Skip strays off as Rowdy takes another swig from his mug. He stares back at the Storm Heavy who's giving him the evil eye.

ROWDY
[That's my job.]

147 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - LEFT

Sadie makes her way toward Indy and Grace.

GRACE
Indy, think of what we could
accomplish! We could learn to do
most anything, without having to
make so many choices!

INDY
But isn't that the point?

GRACE
No, that's the *catch*. If you could
do it all over again, on what would
you decide to spend your time?

INDY
On what? More like on *whom*.

GRACE
What's there to lose, then?

INDY
Everything and nothing.

GRACE
So take your pick.

INDY
Do I have to?

GRACE
Let's find out.

Both lean in for the kiss as the music stops, and the spot light shines on them.

148 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - STAGE

Smitty cues Storm Drummer who reaches behind his kit and brings out an alto sax. He hands it to a Storm Runner who brings it to Indy.

SMITTY

I know it's been some time since
you last played, but she's fined
tuned and all ready to use. Care to
join us for a song or set?

149 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - LEFT

Indy looks around, surveying his options. The crowd is glaring at him, as are the Storm Guards. He looks back at Grace who eyes him oddly.

GRACE

I didn't know you were a musician?

INDY

I'm not.

Indy takes the sax and examines it.

INDY

But I probably could have been.

Indy turns to the stage and walks up the steps.

150 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - STAGE

Indy blows a few short notes to get his rhythm.

INDY

You got something in mind?

SMITTY

Why don't we try a little something
I call "Now's the Time."

INDY

I've never heard of it.

SMITTY

Until right now.

Smitty cues Storm Drummer who starts the beat for Storm Trumpeteer, who blows a faced paced version of *Now's the Time*.

151 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - LEFT

Sadie takes Grace and spins her into a dance. The locals pour into the open space and follow suit.

152 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - STAGE

As the quintet finishes the initial chorus, Indy jumps into the first solo fearlessly, blowing with a passion and concentration he's never before experienced.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - POKER TABLE

Jimmy pulls out a chair at a table that is filled with locals. They're drinking booze and smoking cigarettes as they tap their knuckles and heels to the music. Skip stands next to Jimmy, but begins to draw away at the sound of the music.

JIMMY

Evening folks. (Pause) Mind if I sit down?

STORM GAMBLER

Not if you're bringing something to the table.

JIMMY

Believe me mac, I'm packing more than plenty.

STORM GAMBLER

Oh yeah? What's that you got?

JIMMY

What are the stakes?

STORM GAMBLER

A thousand dollar buy in. Can you manage?

JIMMY

Me? I'll see that grand and raise another.

STORM GAMBLER

What type of goods you got?

JIMMY

I play in cash.

(CONTINUED)

STORM GAMBLER

Ha! You think green paper's valued here? Those Federal Reserve notes are worthless.

Storm Gambler II looks over at the dock where the Double Malt is docked, and cocks his head.

STORM GAMBLER II

Hey. What about his pretty little birdy?

JIMMY

The Double Malt? O no, she's here with me. Not dumb enough to play that girl on luck. I might have something better though. Hey Skip!

Skip has strayed from the table and is watching Indy.

SKIP

Is that the Colonel up there on the stage?

JIMMY

Hey Skip!

SKIP

I didn't know he played the sax.

JIMMY

Most people don't. Now Skip, I need your sword.

SKIP

For what?

JIMMY

I need a spot.

SKIP

I'll get it back?

JIMMY

Of course you will!

SKIP

You promise?

JIMMY

Boy Scouts honor. Now let me go win us some information.

(CONTINUED)

Skip hands him the blade in its scabbard and Jimmy sits down at the table.

JIMMY

Alright now boys, how about a katana?

The Storm Gamblers look at each other, impressed.

STORM GAMBLER

Hold 'Em. Joker's Wild.

JIMMY

Deal me in.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - STAGE

Indy stirs up a frenzy as he delves into his solo. He's playing in a trance state...as if time itself is slowing down. He looks into the crowd which cheers him on as they dance wildly, throwing their hats into the air and reveling in drunken ecstasy.

Suddenly the number comes to a swift halt, and the crowd erupts in applause. Indy is sweating, but glowing. He turns to Smitty who stands from his seat and bows. He then motions to Indy and the crowd cheers enthusiastically.

SMITTY

Ladies and gentleman: Indiana Jones! Bravo!

INDY

Wow. It felt just like riding a bike.

SMITTY

Perhaps you'd like to take a small set break? There's something else I am dying to show you.

Indy wipes the sweat from his brow and hands the alto sax to Storm Drummer.

INDY

Oh yeah? What's that?

SMITTY

My personal chamber.

Indy laughs and takes a swig of water out of a glass offered to him by Storm Hand.

(CONTINUED)

INDY

We're not that friendly yet.

SMITTY

What a pity! I hope at least you're warming up to me.

INDY

Maybe. But don't get too comfortable. I still intend to stop this craziness.

SMITTY

Really? But Colonel, who'll be there to help you?

Graces steps up onto the stage and Smitty pulls her up. He does not let go of her hand.

SMITTY

We both know Dr. Lovell's on my side...and now it looks so are all the others.

Smitty motions to the crowd, where Indy can see Rowdy, throwing back a mug of beer, Jimmy playing cards at a poker table and Skip staring at Sadie.

INDY

Alright then, what's inside this so called chamber?

Smitty motions to Storm Hand, who motions to the Storm Guards.

SMITTY

The question is not what, Colonel, but whom.

CUT TO:

155

INT. INSTALLATION - TREASURE HALLWAY

Smitty and Indy make their way by torch light through a very dark catacomb. It is relatively quiet but the muffled sound of the party can be heard above them.

At the end of the cavern the trio approach a small oak door cut in the shape of a circle.

SMITTY

Here's something you won't find in your museum.

Smitty takes out a rusty key and opens up the door.

156 INT. INSTALLATION - TREASURE TROVE

Light from the inside chamber pours in revealing a vast cave littered with gold coins, rubies, pearls, and other various riches. Sticking out of the coin heaps are various artifacts from many different civilizations. There are swords, vases, crowns, staffs, vehicles, necklaces, rings, pottery etc.

It echoes the same mood as Indy's second basement, except it's much larger. There are lights hanging from the ceiling, but the room gives off an even brighter glow from the presence of gold and jewels.

And standing like a monolith in the center of the hall is a massive tomb.

SMITTY

Welcome Colonel, to my private chamber. A treasure trove of pure fortune...and *glory*.

INDY

Where did you find all this?

SMITTY

Don't act the fool! We both know that I've access to all time. Ergo I'd study to be anything. A nuclear physicist on Mondays, a Jazz pianist every other Wednesday, an archaeologist over long weekends-

INDY

You're not an archaeologist.

SMITTY

Oh no? What am I then?

INDY

A common grave robber.

SMITTY

Now, Colonel Jones, I'd hardly call it common...but aren't they ultimately one and the same?

INDY

Everything I stole's for the museum.

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

And whose museum? Yankee Doodle
Dandy's?

Smitty picks up a sword and tosses it to Indy.

SMITTY

Here, catch!

Indy catches the sword, testing its weight and build.

INDY

What's this?

SMITTY

Cannot you date its age?

INDY

Byzantine. Circa fourth century.

SMITTY

You know what else went missing in
that time?

Smitty nods at the tomb in the center of the room.

INDY

You're kidding me?

SMITTY

I have a sense of humor. But no
Colonel, I promise it's no joke.

Indy walks over to the massive tomb.

INDY

The missing tomb of Alexander the
Great. *(Pause)* How'd it get here?

SMITTY

Simple. I stole it.

INDY

You stole it?

SMITTY

Yes. That's why it has gone
missing! And what would you like to
steal, Colonel Jones?

INDY

I didn't come here to steal
anything.

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

Let me rephrase it in some other way, then. What part of your past would you like to keep?

Indy pauses.

SMITTY

You're always searching, Colonel, but for what? Everything you'll ever want is *here*. The greatest finds in archaeology, access to all the ages of mankind, a girl with whom you'd spend eternity-

INDY

And you.

SMITTY

Too true. Though am I all that bad?

Indy stares at the tomb and considers his options.

INDY

But...who are we to change the fate of all?

SMITTY

We? You ask of *our* identity? We are the last souls left on planet Earth! Everyone else is dead. Don't you get it? Mankind has failed, its timeline ends in *war*.

INDY

How do you know our version will be better?

SMITTY

I know now that it can't get any worse.

INDY

And in return?

SMITTY

I don't want anything...but need to know what you're prepared to give.

INDY

What is required?

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

Your identity. Or...however many
you've come to collect.

Indy stares at his reflection in the tomb which is now
dressed in professorial garb.

SMITTY

There's Dr. Jones the consummate
professor, eternal champion of
preservation.

The reflection morphs into Indy decked out in his official
military uniform.

SMITTY

And Colonel Jones the patriotic
puppet, whose secret strings are
pulled into their service.

The reflection finally morphs into Indy's iconic hat and
jacket.

INDY

And finally there's Indiana Jones:
whip wielding and grave robbing
action hero. Straight out of a
republic serial.

INDY

Where will they go?

SMITTY

In truth? I do not know. And that's
precisely why I've asked you here.
What do you say? Will you reap
what's been sowed? Or will you join
me-

Indy's reflection morphs back to normal.

SMITTY

In the great unknown?

Indy stares at Smitty through the reflection and nods.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK - POKER TABLE

Jimmy looks across the table and eyes each of the Storm Gamblers. There's a crowd growing at the table and two ladies flank Jimmy's right and left sides.

JIMMY

I'll see your hundred and raise you another.

The Storm Gamblers are low on chips and exchange looks. The first two fold in quick succession.

STORM GAMBLER I

I fold.

STORM GAMBLER II

Me too.

Storm Gambler III eyes Jimmy who tips down his aviators.

JIMMY

You wanna keep playing? If not I understand but-

STORM GAMBLER III

I'm all in.

Jimmy looks at the pot and pushes his chips in.

JIMMY

Everything. Including information.

STORM GAMBLER III

On what?

JIMMY

On who opposes Reinschmidt's rule.

STORM GAMBLER III

You're talking treason? On Tomorrow's Eve?

JIMMY

What if I am?

STORM GAMBLER III

Nobody's gonna join you.

JIMMY

You got nothing to worry about then. You win the hand and you get the Katana. I win and you tell me who I go see.

(CONTINUED)

Storm Gambler III looks at Storm Gambler I and Storm Gambler II who shrug.

JIMMY

I'll even let you keep all of your chips.

Storm Gambler III looks at his cards then lays them on the table: a royal straight flush of spades.

STORM DEALER

A royal flush!

STORM GAMBLER III

Try beatin' that!

JIMMY

You know-

He takes off his glasses and looks at Storm Gambler III.

JIMMY

I never claim to play a better game with Joker's Wild than without, but, like of I always say-

Jimmy lays three aces and two jokers.

JIMMY

Why take chances?

STORM DEALER

Five of a kind!

SKIP

Start talking.

SADIE

There's no need.

Jimmy and Skip turn around to find Sadie standing in a clearing of Storm Guards.

SADIE

The person who you're for looking is *me*.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. INSTALLATION - BOMB DECK- DAWN

The sun creeps over the horizon, painting the sky a deep pink as snow flurries intensify. The locals are passed out and strewn across the deck; stretched out on the grass, slumped over tables, etc.

159 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

On the other side of the field the uniformed men and mechanics are prepping the fleet; fine tuning engines, and attaching the Atomic Bomb to a giant bomber plane.

As the men work under the supervision of Storm Heavy, Smitty walks through the camp and confers with Storm Captain.

SMITTY

Good Morning, Captain.

STORM CAPTAIN

Greetings, Chancellor Reinschmidt.

SMITTY

I trust that you have everything in order?

STORM CAPTAIN

The fleet is prepped. Our pilots all but ready.

SMITTY

What about Doctor Lovell?

STORM CAPTAIN

Not here yet. There's been no sign of her nor Colonel Jones. You want me to investigate?

SMITTY

Don't bother. I'll get her on the radio soon enough.

Smitty looks over the airfield and pauses.

SMITTY

Is my Destroyer ready?

STORM CAPTAIN

Yes, of course.

SMITTY

I want it standing by; prepared to launch.

(CONTINUED)

Storm Captain looks at the field and then his wrist watch.

STORM CAPTAIN
Forgive me Chancellor, but for what
purpose?

Smitty turns to his Captain in surprise.

SMITTY
Purpose? Don't you know of Murphy's
Law?

STORM CAPTAIN
Of course I do. Whatever *can* go
wrong-

SMITTY
Will go wrong. Hence my need for
some insurance. Do not forget today
we challenge God.

Smitty pulls out his radio.

160 INT. INSTALLATION - BEDROOM

Indy stands by a mirror, shirtless, and shaves as Grace lies
in between the sheets of their bed. It's dark but the
sunlight creeps through the blinds.

GRACE
Thanks.

INDY
For what?

GRACE
Last night.

INDY
Oh anytime.

GRACE
Be it never again.

INDY
Never say never.

Grace's radio cackles to life.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Grace, its Emil. Grace, do you read
me?

Grace grabs her radio from the desk.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Both loud and clear. What is it you require?

SMITTY (O.S.)

I need you at the field.

GRACE

I'll be right there.

SMITTY (O.S.)

And what of Colonel Jones?

GRACE

He's here with me.

SMITTY (O.S.)

Splendid. Bring him with you.

161 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

Storm Captain grabs Smitty's attention.

STORM CAPTAIN

Chancellor Reinschmidt?

SMITTY

What is it now, Captain?

STORM CAPTAIN

Pardon me, sir, but I think you better take a look at this.

Smitty turns around and sees Sadie, now dressed in combat boots, leather bomber jacket, and white scarf, holding a machine gun.

She's backed up by about thirty Storm Guards, and, in front of her, Jimmy, Skip, and Rowdy, sit tied up and forced down upon their knees.

SADIE

I caught them last night stirring up resistance. *(Pause)* You said that all rebellion must be squashed.

Smitty smiles and turns back to his radio.

SMITTY

And Grace?

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (O.S.)

Mmm-hmm?

SMITTY

You two had better hurry.

162 INT. INSTALLATION - BEDROOM

Indy buttons up his shirt.

SMITTY (O.S.)

We must be done before the sun is
up.

Grace shuts off the radio and rolls over towards Indy.

GRACE

You ready to get on with this?

INDY

Are you?

GRACE

Without a shadow of a doubt.

INDY

Not one?

GRACE

Indy, why are you talking like this
now?

INDY

There is still time, you know?

GRACE

Still time for what?

INDY

To change our minds.

GRACE

I thought they were made up?

INDY

Are they?

GRACE

Mine is.

INDY

What should I tell the others?

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

The others? They were never meant to be here. My job was to extract you from the team. But circumstance...made it impossible.

INDY

They're gonna try and stop us.

GRACE

Let them come. The Chancellor and his people are prepared.

Indy looks at Grace, beautiful and captivating in her spirit. Around her neck is a gold chain and at the bottom of it hangs the Star of David. Indy sighs.

INDY

All right then. There's just one last thing to do.

GRACE

What's that?

Indy looks into the mirror and frowns.

INDY

We gotta find my lucky hat.

163 EXT. INSTALLATION - BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

Smitty, Indy and Grace stand atop the Bridge to Yesterday machine.

Next to them Sadie and the Storm Guards hold Skip, Jimmy, and Rowdy at gunpoint.

The machine has been turned on, and electricity pulses throughout the platform. A massive cloud of fog is forming at the two points of the conductors.

Light is still dim, but the sun is rising in the east, and the sky is illuminated with magnificent color. The clouds are large and majestic, and there is a great storm coming in the distance.

Smitty takes out his pocket watch and looks at the hands ticking closer and closer to 6 AM. His radio crackles to life.

STORM CONTROL (O.S.)

Permission to lift off, sir?

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

Negative. We need to hold.

164 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

Storm Control holds his radio to his ear and shakes his head at the Squadron of grounded fighters.

STORM CONTROL

Affirmative, Chancellor.

165 EXT. INSTALLATION - BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

Smitty looks at his watch and into the sky.

STORM CONTROL (O.S.)

Standing by for your command.

SMITTY

We're running late.

Skip steps forward.

SKIP

What made you turn Colonel?
Fortune...or glory?

INDY

Who says I turned?

SKIP

You're standing over *there*.

INDY

Maybe I like the view.

Smitty eyes the pocket watch and just as it is about to approach 6 AM the hands start spinning off kilter. Angrily, Smitty throws it away.

SMITTY

That is enough! Colonel, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that you were stalling.

INDY

Balderdash. You want me to go through with all of this? Fine. But only if I have my lucky hat.

SMITTY

What good's a superstition?

(CONTINUED)

INDY
Who's to say? I wouldn't want to
try though.

SMITTY
Why is that?

Indy grins at Smitty.

INDY
Because-

Storm Captain walks up to Smitty and Indy with a hat box.

INDY
I'd probably end up jinxing it.

STORM CAPTAIN
I only found this package.

INDY
That's the one.

Indy takes the box from Storm Captain and turns to Smitty.

INDY
Don't worry. This'll only take a
minute.

Indy places the package down on the control panel. The logo
reads Worth & Worth: "Hats of Worth and Character." Atop the
label, stamped in ink, read the words REPAIR.

Indy approaches the lid with caution; similar to the way he
treated the Fertility Idol.

Finally, he pulls off the lid, revealing a note sitting atop
a bunch of styromfoam peanuts. It is signed "M. Brody." Indy
picks it up, unfolds it and reads.

Everyone waits in anticipation as Indy pauses, reflecting on
an entire lifetime of adventure.

GRACE
What does it say?

Indy smiles and looks at Grace before tossing the note
aside. He then plunges his hands inside the box.

INDY
"You cannot change your past."

(CONTINUED)

Indy pulls out his iconic brown fedora, places it on his head, and turns around to face everyone as his shadow towers behind him.

INDY
"I only ask you try not to forget
it."

Grace is struck by the presence of the hat and shadow, and locks glares with Indy.

Smitty pulls out his radio.

SMITTY
Prepare for lift off.

166 EXT. AIRFIELD

Storm Control receives the command and waves his arms at the flight squadron.

STORM CONTROL
Lift off is a go!

167 INT. COCKPIT - A-BOMBER

STORM PILOT nods at Storm Control and starts heading down the runway.

168 EXT. INSTALLATION - BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

Indy looks at Grace as the engines roar in the distance.

GRACE
You're always searching...

Indy nods, getting it now.

INDY
Always.

Indy's eyes scan over the control deck.

GRACE
But for what?

INDY
Both everything-

He spots the main control level and his eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
And nothing.

SMITTY
This is it!

The roar of the engines grow louder and the storm around the machine greatly intensifies.

169 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRSTRIP

The first fighter plane begins lifting off, making its run at the fog cloud provided by the machine.

170 EXT. INSTALLATION - BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

Skip makes a movement forward but Jimmy holds him back, giving him a look.

INDY
No *this* is it.

Like lightning incarnate, Indy draws his bullwhip and sweeps it around his head in a majestic arc before BLASTING it through the air and streaking between Smitty and Storm Captain.

As it breaks the sound barrier with a sonic BOOM, the whip's tail wraps tightly around the machine's control handle. Indy then sweeps his arm in a loop to choke up on the whip, and yanks it back with all the strength he has, ripping open the control deck and sending shock waves through the machine.

The machine conductors spark up as the first fighter attempts to pass through, and then explodes, blowing off the plane's right wing.

The fighter careens over the fortress wall and crashes into the ice water.

The other planes in the air veer away into the sky.

Smitty looks at his machine in horror then turns to Indy.

SMITTY
What the hell are you doing!?

INDY
What I've *always* done-

Grace stares at Indy and then at Smitty, remembering.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE
And always *will*.

Jimmy nods and turns to Skip.

JIMMY
See that? I told you.

SKIP
I stayed optimistic!

ROWDY
[I never doubted him for a second.]

Smitty turns to Grace, and yanks her towards him. He draws his Mauser and holds it to her temple.

SMITTY
Captain?

STORM CAPTAIN
Yes, sir?

SMITTY
Execute them. *All*.

Indy looks at Grace, seemingly for the last time.

STORM CAPTAIN
Gladly.

Storm Captain lifts his gun at Indy and is about to pull the trigger when a rifle blast booms, and Storm Captain stumbles over the railing..

Sadie points her smoking rifle at Smitty.

SADIE
My apologies Chancellor! Afraid I
can't be letting you do that.

On cue the Storm Guards take off their masks, and reveal themselves as the Card Gamblers. They point their guns at Smitty.

Jimmy, Skip and Rowdy, do the same. Indy smiles at Smitty, surprised.

INDY
Did you see that one coming?

(CONTINUED)

SMITTY

Murphy's Law? Yes, but thankfully
it isn't too much trouble. I always
have a better back up plan.

Smitty looks out at the water and smiles as a massive
Destroyer sails into view. Indy looks at it and then back at
Smitty, who stares down Sadie.

SMITTY

So, you'd stage your revolution
now?

SADIE

What's the phrase? There's no time
like the present?

SMITTY

But what about your future?

SADIE

We don't have one. These five
maybe, but certainly not us. Our
souls were lost a long, long time
ago and now they've only one place
left to go.

INDY

You sure we're in some "future
place in time?"

SMITTY

The skeptic still, Colonel?

INDY

Oh I believe. Especially in he who
would deceive.

Smitty's eyes flare wide with rage and a wave of emotion
ripples across his face. It passes quickly and he smiles.

SMITTY

Well, you know-

Smitty surveys all the guns aimed at his direction, and
holds Grace tight. He takes one measured step to his right
before quickly taking aim at another control panel across
the bridge.

SMITTY

Seeing rarely is *believing*.

Smitty fires a shot that whizzes past Indy, and slams into
the control panel.

(CONTINUED)

As it does, Smitty and Grace drop through a trap door, and bullets fired from Sadie and the Resistance sail over their heads. The trap door seals shut instantly.

SKIP

A real working trap door?

Indy tries to pry open the trap with no success.

INDY

Not anymore.

JIMMY

And I thought they were only in the pictures!

A loud siren begins to wail and Indy looks out over the Bomb Deck field. A massive wave of Storm Troopers are making their way towards the machine.

SADIE

His troops will be all over us in minutes. We'll hold them here for as long as we can.

Indy nods and looks out at the Destroyer in the distance, there is a small boat racing towards it.

SKIP

Orders, Colonel?

Indy's train of thought reaches an epiphany as he spots something on the ground.

INDY

Hand me that staple gun!

SKIP

Ok, what for?

Skip hands Indy the gun and he staples the hat to his head.

INDY

You think this hat'll stay on by itself?

ROWDY

[You got a point, but do you have a plan?]

Indy looks at Sadie and tips his hat. She smiles and turns her rifle towards the incoming Storm Guards.

(CONTINUED)

INDY

Jimmy, go and get the Double Malt.
You're gonna need her to get outta
here.

Jimmy's eyes light up.

JIMMY

Yes, sir.

INDY

And Rowdy?

ROWDY

[Indy?]

INDY

You go with him. Remember, that's
an order.

ROWDY

[Sure. Whatever. I'll leave your
side when I feel good and ready.]

SKIP

What about me, Colonel?

The Storm Troopers charge towards the machine as the
Resistance takes up their positions.

INDY

Follow my lead-

The fighter planes have now swung around and look prepared
to make strafing runs on the Resistance.

INDY

Watch for the changes-

The Storm Troopers charge the machine, and gun fire erupts
on both sides, as well as from above.

INDY

And-

Indy spots at an incoming convertible Storm Jeep that is
about to start circling the machine, and quickly strikes his
whip onto a hanging cable.

INDY

Try to keep up!

(CONTINUED)

Indy swings down from the machine and crashes into the Storm Driver. The bullwhip swings back to Skip who catches it, and looks at the handle.

SKIP

Wow. This thing is really pretty useful.

CUT TO:

171 INT. STORM JEEP - FRONT

Indy fights for control of the Jeep as it continues to circle the machine. He kicks the Trooper riding shotgun into the back and reaches for the wheel as the Jeep veers into the field of charging Troopers.

172 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRSTRIP

The Storm Jeeps drives through lines of Troopers and Shotgun Trooper stands from the back seat.

173 EXT. INSTALLATION - BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

The Resistance fire into the oncoming Troopers as Sadie looks through her rifle scope at Indy.

174 INT. SADIE'S RIFLE - SCOPE

Indy fights for the wheel as the car continues to circle right. Shotgun Trooper pulls out a gun.

175 INT. STORM JEEP - FRONT

Indy lays a solid right into Storm Driver, and grins before looking up at the muzzle of Shotgun Trooper's handgun.

Suddenly a slug hits the Trooper's chest and he flies off the Jeep into the maw.

Indy swings his head around and spots Sadie on the machine. She tips her rifle at him, and he turns to grab the wheel again, swerving right.

176 EXT. MACHINE - CONTROL DECK

Skip spots the Jeep and sees Storm Driver struggling with Indy for the wheel. He turns to Jimmy and Rowdy and readies himself.

JIMMY

You wanna spot?

(CONTINUED)

SKIP

No thanks. I think I got this.

Skip tugs on the whip, looks at the Jeep and swings.

177 INT. STORM JEEP

Storm Driver elbows Indy across the face which nearly sends him out the flailing passenger door. Yet as he does Skip swings in with the bullwhip and slams Storm Driver out of the vehicle. Skip lands in the driver's seat and slams on the brakes. Skip turns to Indy, who grins.

INDY

Not bad.

SKIP

You think?

Skip hands Indy the bullwhip.

INDY

Now *that's* beginners luck.

178 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRSTRIP

Skip steers the Storm Jeep down the airstrip as Indy fires his Webley into the maw of Troopers. Jimmy fires his Colts from the other side of the back seat and Rowdy fires the rear mounted gun at incoming Messerschmitts.

Skip looks into the air and sees the A-Bomber soaring overhead. He cuts the Jeep to the right and quickly mows through two Troopers.

179 INT. STORM JEEP - FRONT

Indy turns to Skip and looks him up and down.

INDY

Who taught you how to drive?

SKIP

I need to *bail*.

JIMMY

That's crazy talk.

SKIP

Heck no! I'm serious. That plane is up there with an atom bomb!

(CONTINUED)

INDY

He's right. Smitty will try and
send it through.

SKIP

Besides you're gonna need some air
support.

Rowdy fires up another strafing Messerschmitt.

ROWDY

[He's got a point.]

180

EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

Skip gets out of the Jeep and heads towards the Zero's
cockpit ladder. Rowdy fires on planes and nods to Skip, who
nods back.

Indy moves into the driver's seat as Storm Heavy in the
distance take notice. Skip looks down at Jimmy and Indy.

JIMMY

Don't blow him up.

SKIP

I'll figure something out.
(Pause) You go save Grace. She
needs a second chance now more than
ever.

INDY

I guess that's it, then.

SKIP

There's no need to say it.

Skip hops into the cockpit and starts the plane's engines.

INDY

I'm sure we'll meet again.

SKIP

Who says we haven't?

Skip winks then steers the Zero onto the runway and zips
towards the maw of Troopers, guns blazing a path.

Indy ponders Skip's response and loses himself for a moment
until:

181 INT. STORM JEEP - FRONT

Jimmy hops into the shotgun seat and Rowdy clicks the machine gun empty.

JIMMY

I think it's time to bring this all back home.

Rowdy looks into the airfield and spots Storm Heavy who is aiming a bazooka directly at the Jeep.

ROWDY

[We need to take a detour first.]

JIMMY

What'd he say?

Indy also spots Storm Heavy, and his eyes widen.

INDY

He said...incoming.

JIMMY

Aw sh-

INDY

Hit the deck!

182 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

Indy, Jimmy, and Rowdy leap away from the Jeep as Storm Heavy fires the bazooka, bulls eyeing his target. He then throws the launcher off of his shoulder, and strides towards the wreckage.

Indy lays dazed on the ground as the smoke from fiery wreckage swirls everywhere. Jimmy staggers over and reaches down to help up Indy.

JIMMY

Are you alright, Colonel?

INDY

Never been better.

JIMMY

Where's Rowdy?

INDY

I don't know. Is that him there?

(CONTINUED)

Indy points at a figure in the smoke, which turns out to be Storm Heavy. Jimmy draws his guns but Heavy kicks Jimmy in the chest sending him skidding across the dirt. Storm Heavy turns to Indy, and towers over our hero. He cracks his knuckles which make a menacing crunch.

STORM HEAVY
You're up next.

INDY
Who, me?

STORM HEAVY
Gimme your best shot!

Indy sighs and looks at the sky in disbelief.

INDY
There always gotta be another big
one...

Resigned, Indy advances to engage when he is met by Rowdy's massive arm, forbidding him any further.

ROWDY
[Not today. Today, the
heavy's mine.]

Storm Heavy and Rowdy lock glares, and Indy backs away.

Jimmy rises next to him, catching his breath and dusting off his clothes.

INDY
Good luck.

ROWDY
[Keep it.]

Rowdy puts his hands behind his head, essentially cracks his entire body, and grins.

ROWDY
[For him I will not need it.]

Rowdy and Storm Heavy slam into each other like two sumo wrestlers.

Jimmy holsters his Colts, and turns to Indy.

JIMMY
You ready Colonel?

(CONTINUED)

Storm Heavy lands a blow on Rowdy, who counters with a massive backhand.

INDY

Let's get outta here.

Jimmy points his Colt at the Double Malt, which is surrounded by three Storm Guards.

JIMMY

Our rides right over here.

INDY

Not going with you.

JIMMY

You're not?

INDY

Not yet at least. You're my insurance. Pick Rowdy up, and then go after Skip. We need to make sure this place is destroyed.

JIMMY

What about you?

Indy scans the airfield searching for some craft or mode of transportation. He spots it and grins.

INDY

I'll take the flying wing.

CUT TO:

183 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Indy soars through the air in a Parasev Research Glider.

He looks up into the sky and sees Skip's Zero tagging the tail of a Messerschmitt, which bursts into a ball of flame.

184 INT. ZERO - COCKPIT

Skip shields his eyes from the fire blast, and in doing so looks down to see Indy flying out to sea, on what his essentially an air bike.

SKIP

Talk about delusions of grandeur...

185 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Skip's Zero banks to follow the A-Bomber, which is circling the Installation.

186 INT. A-BOMBER - COCKPIT

Storm Pilot switches on his comm.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Pilot! Are you there?

STORM PILOT
Standing by, sir.

SMITTY
Then turn around and meet me out at sea. We'll travel through the heart of the triangle.

STORM PILOT
Affirmative, Chancellor. I'm on my way!

187 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRFIELD

Two STORM JUNKERS guard the Double Malt, and the smoke clears beyond it revealing Jimmy, his hands at his sides, each holding a Colt 45.

JIMMY
Hey there!

STORM JUNKER I
What do you want!

JIMMY
The Double Malt.

The Storm Junkers look at each other and pick up their rifles.

STORM JUNKER II
Fat chance, air mac. This plane is ours now.

STORM JUNKER I
Scram!

JIMMY
You know boys...there's just two rules to remember if you ever wanna get on my good side. The first rule is:

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy quickly lifts his right Colt and shoots Storm Junker I in the chest.

JIMMY

Don't touch the Double Malt.

Storm Junker II looks on in shock and then pulls up his gun in retaliation. Jimmy draws his second colt and aces Storm Junker II in the head.

JIMMY

The second: don't forget rule number one.

Jimmy holsters his Colts and strides towards his ship.

188 EXT. INSTALLATION - AIRSTRIP

A crowd of Storm Troopers has gathered around Storm Heavy and Rowdy as they continue to trade blows. Rowdy lands a double fisted upper cut, before getting clocked with a three punch combo. Storm Heavy is out of breath and barely hanging on.

STORM HEAVY

You had enough yet?

Rowdy turns back to Storm Heavy, more energized than ever.

ROWDY

[I left room for seconds.]

Rowdy lands two more blows before Storm Heavy tries a round house kick, which Rowdy expertly grabs. He then begins to spin in a circle until he lifts Storm Heavy into the air and tosses him over the fort wall. He then turns to the other Storm Troopers.

ROWDY

[Who wants dessert?]

The Troopers look at each other and run away. As they do, Jimmy rolls up with the Double Malt and opens up the passenger door.

JIMMY

Come on. Let's grab a night cap.

CUT TO:

189 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

There is an explosion of electricity within one of the clouds and Five US Grumman Avengers surge into the frame, scattered, but quickly regrouping into formation.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Let's look alive boys! Everybody
here?

190 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest stares through his windshield, and spots the four other Avengers in front of him.

FORREST
We copy Captain!

BILL (O.S.)
Where the hell are we?

Forrest looks at his dashboard to see that his instruments are still spinning haywire.

FORREST
Not sure. My dashboard's still all
out of whack.

191 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

George stares through his windshield to see the horizon clearing up.

GEORGE
At least we've seemed to break
through all the fog.

FORREST (O.S.)
That stuff was everywhere!

192 INT. AVENGER II - GUN TURRET

Bill tries to wipe his windshield from the inside to clear the residue.

BILL
More like it sticks.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You two sit tight and survey these
waters.

193 INT. AVENGER I - COCKPIT

George looks through his windshield and can make out small bursts of flame in the distance, which looks like gunfire.

GEORGE
I'm gonna go check out those
flashing lights.

194 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Avenger I surges ahead of the group.

FORREST (O.S.)
All right we'll keep our eyeballs
peeled.

BILL (O.S.)
For what?

FORREST (O.S.)
For bogeys playing in our pool.

195 INT. AVENGER V - COCKPIT

Forrest squints through windshield at what looks like a Destroyer. He banks his plane in that direction.

FORREST
And also any sign of Colonel Jones.

BILL (O.S.)
I thought you said this was a
training flight!

CUT TO:

196 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Indy sails through the sky, and spots the Destroyer. There's a small telescope in the Parasev, and he picks it up.

197 INT. TELESCOPE

The frame pulls up from the water to the Destroyer, where Indy can make out a few Storm Guards on the lower deck. He pulls the scope up to see Smitty at the top entrance holding Grace by the arm, and peering right back at him through a pair of binoculars.

198 EXT. DESTROYER - BRIDGE

Smitty pulls down his binoculars and stares at Indy. He smiles broadly, soaking up the moment. He turns to Grace.

SMITTY
Everything is *precisely* on
schedule.

GRACE
Where are we going?

SMITTY
The Palace of Versailles.

GRACE
But we destroyed your bridge.

SMITTY
Oh, yes, you did. Though I don't
need some cheap man made machine-

Smitty pulls her close, and stares deep into her eyes.

SMITTY
To tap into the heart of my own
triangle!

199 EXT. DESTROYER - DECK

Two Storm Guards spot Indy in the air and start firing.

200 INT. PARASEV - COCKPIT

Indy struggles with the controls as bullets eat up his sails. He tries to take it in for a landing, but crashes hard on the surface of the destroyer and skids onto the bridge.

201 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Double Malt soars over the Installation on its way out to sea.

202 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy looks down to see Storm Troopers overtaking the Resistance. Sadie is still firing her rifle with just a few other hold outs.

JIMMY
Hey Skip! You there?

(CONTINUED)

SKIP (O.S.)
I read you loud and clear.

JIMMY
How can we help?

SKIP (O.S.)
Stay close and cover me.

203 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Skip's Zero banks down on the A-Bomber, closing in.

SKIP (O.S.)
I need to pull up level with this
bomber.

The Double Malt follows closely behind and fires at incoming
Messerschmitts.

JIMMY (O.S.)
And then what?

204 INT. ZERO - COCKPIT

Skip pops the lid, and unbuckles his belt.

SKIP
Well, I thought I'd take a little
walk.

205 EXT. ZERO - WING

Skip grabs his Katana and hops out of the cockpit. As the
plane begins to dip away he leaps:

206 EXT. A-BOMBER - WING

Onto the A-Bomber's wing! The plane banks down and right,
and Skip slides down, plunging his katana into the side
door.

207 INT. A-BOMBER - COCKPIT

Storm Pilot looks back, trying to see what's going on.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Pilot! What is going on out there!

STORM PILOT
I'm not quite sure. I think some
one just-

The tip of Skip's sword emerges from the chest of Storm Pilot, who dies instantly.

208 EXT. DESTROYER - BRIDGE

Smitty tosses away his comm in in disgust as an overweight STORM SCOUT rushes up.

STORM SCOUT
Chancellor, we're approaching heavy fog.

SMITTY
Perfect. Strap Plan C on to my chopper.

Smitty looks down at Indy who is stumbling out of the crashed Parasev.

STORM SCOUT
Already done.

Smitty looks at a Indy, and raises an eyebrow at Grace.

SMITTY
Well then, we shan't be hasty.

209 INT. A-BOMBER - COCKPIT

Skip straps himself into the chair and tests out the controls.

SKIP
Alright I'm in. It's been nice knowing you.

JIMMY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

210 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

Skip swings the A-Bomber back towards the Installation, which accelerates to max speed.

SKIP
Finishing the job. Go after Jones.

211 INT. DOUBLE MALT - TURRET

Rowdy steadies his crosshairs on another Messerschmitt.

ROWDY
I'm sure the Colonel's fine.

212 INT. DOUBLE MALT - COCKPIT

Jimmy grins at Rowdy's perfect English.

ROWDY (O.S.)
We're on you wing.

JIMMY
May Lady Luck be with us!

213 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Double Malt follows Skip's A-Bomber toward the Installation as Rowdy tags another Messerschmitt.

214 INT. DESTROYER - CHOPPER BAY

Indy comes to, but in total darkness. He grunts as he groggily tries to understand his situation as the Drache's speakers play.

GRACE
He's coming to.

SMITTY
Just in the nick of time.

Smitty closes the door of the Drache, and the bay doors open above. Dim light begins to fill the room.

215 EXT. DESTROYER - CHOPPER PAD

Smitty's voice booms over the loudspeaker.

SMITTY (O.S.)
Remember, Colonel, I need you
alive. You're the key to my
experiment!

216 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty checks himself out in the side view mirror, and lights a cigarette.

217 EXT. DESTROYER - CHOPPER PAD

Indy places his gloved hands around his abdomen and realizes he's been tied to a harness, which is also attached to the chopper.

Indy feels for his hat, finds it, and grins.

218 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Smitty starts the engine of the chopper, and looks at Grace.

SMITTY

Let's try again a second time
around.

FADE TO:

219 EXT. MYSTIC FOG - VORTEX

A tunnel within the mystic fog lights up our frame as the Drache races through....and we have a small moment of quiet which smash cuts to:

220 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Indy shakes his head as if waking from a dream. Grace looks into the vortex and turns to Indy.

GRACE

Where are we headed?

INDY

I have no idea.

GRACE

Maybe our course has yet to be
determined?

INDY

Where should we go then?

GRACE

Back to the beginning?

INDY

Already been there.

GRACE

How about the end?

(CONTINUED)

INDY
Depends. I wouldn't want to spoil things.

Indy sees an opening in the vortex tunnel ahead.

INDY
I think we're better off here in the present.

221 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SKY

The Drache bursts through a cloud, and into the bright blue sky. There is a an aircraft cruiser in the distance.

GRACE
And him?

Indy looks at Smitty, who's knocked out behind them. Indy takes a deep breath, and shakes his head.

INDY
I guess we'll have to bring him in.

Indy grips the yoke and banks down for a landing.

GRACE
What if they try to use him?

INDY
Wouldn't matter. I think I proved his theory to be false.

The radio channel cackles to life, and Bob's voice comes through.

BOB (O.S.)
Indy! Are you there!

INDY
You bet I am.

222 EXT. USS MONTANA - DECK

Bob speaks into a comm and looks up at the chopper.

BOB
What happened? You were gone for several hours! Did you contact the team I sent?

(CONTINUED)

INDY (O.S.)

I did.

BOB

Well, where the hell'd they go?

223 INT. DRACHE - COCKPIT

Indy looks at Smitty, who's beginning to come to.

INDY

Certainly somewhere. I think I'll
let Smitty debrief you on it.

BOB (O.S.)

You have him, then?

INDY

Yes, sir.

BOB (O.S.)

And your squadron?

INDY

Just me and Grace.

BOB (O.S.)

What happened to the others?

INDY

They volunteered to tie up my loose
ends.

GRACE

The Malt's not our scopes. Where
did they go?

Indy looks at Grace upon landing the Drache.

INDY

God only knows. Where they belong,
I hope.

GRACE

And where do we belong?

Indy notices Bob and his men approaching the Drache.

INDY

In Washington.

CUT TO:

224 EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Indy and Grace are dressed professionally and sit across a long table from General Ross and MAJOR EATON - a fair haired man who is fat and balding. Ross looks on innocently as Eaton glares back at Indy, agitated. He pulls on his pipe hard, scheming how to retort.

GRACE

Well, I guess that settles it.

EATON

Oh no.

INDY

I *haven't* done my country a great service?

EATON

Your orders were to retrieve Reinschmidt's research. Not destroy every trace of its existence!

INDY

I brought you back the *man*.

EATON

He will not *speak*. And now he's in a psychiatric ward!

ROSS

I think we're done here, Major.

Indy, Grace and Ross get up to leave.

INDY

I'm not worried. I'm sure that you've got top men on the job.

Eaton fumes as Indy tips his hat and exits.

225 EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - NIGHT

Indy and Grace walk along the water as Marcus talks with Ross by a black Ford in the background.

INDY

So what's up next for you?

GRACE

Time off in France.

(CONTINUED)

INDY
Anywhere in particular?

GRACE
Versailles. *(Pause)* I guess we
can't go home again, can we?

INDY
We can't-

Indy leans in, takes her by the chin, and kisses her.

INDY
Until we find it somewhere else.

Indy winks at Grace, who smiles before pausing.

GRACE
You think we've seen the last of
him?

Indy and Grace reach the car. Marcus and Bob are inside.

INDY
Who knows? But...he gets it now.

GRACE
There's nothing he can do...

INDY
You wanna shame the devil?

Indy steps onto the side of the car, and grabs onto the railing, ready for a joy ride. He taps the hood and the Ford drives off into the moonlight.

INDY
Tell the truth!

Grace smiles, her faith renewed. She watches our hero ride off into the moonlight...until her mind returns to Smitty.

CUT TO:

226 INT. AUTECH - PSYCHE WING

A door slams on a white padded room and an older psyche aide locks three huge locks. He turns away from the door which reads *Reinschmidt #1138*. As he heads down the hall we pan out to an enormous facility bustling with scientists and military officers.

Cue END CREDITS and Raiders March.

120.

FADE OUT: